A U M

Move forward the wheel, O thou whose sight is infinite! Rarely art thou met in the course of many thousands of Æons. Display the benevolence thou hast observed in so many former generations; open the path of immortality.—*Saddharma-Pundarika.*

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WAR IN OLYMPUS*

By H. P. Blavatsky.

DARK clouds are gathering over the hitherto cold and serene horizon of exact science, which forebode a squall. Already two camps are forming among the votaries of scientific research. One wages war on the other, and hard words are occasionally exchanged. The apple of discord in this case is—Spiritualism. Fresh and illustrious victims are yearly decoyed away from the impregnable strongholds of materialistic negation, and ensnared into examining and testing the alleged spiritual phenomena. And we all know that when a true scientist examines them without prejudice . . . . . well, he generally ends like Professor Hare, Mr. William Crookes, F.R.S., the great Alfred Russell Wallace, another F.R.S., and so many other eminent men of science—he passes over to the, enemy.

We are really curious to know what will be the new theory advanced in the present crisis by the sceptics, and how they will account for such an apostasy of several of their luminaries, as has just occurred. The venerable accusations of *non compos mentis,* and "dotage" will not bear another refurbishing: the eminent perverts are increasing numerically so fast, that if mental incapacity is charged upon all of them who experimentally satisfy themselves that tables can talk sense, and mediums float through the air, it might augur ill for science; there might soon be none but weakened brains in the learned societies. They may, possibly, for a time find some consolation in accounting for the lodgment of the extraordinary "delusion" in very scholarly heads, upon the theory of *atavism*—the mysterious law of latent transmission, so much

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favoured by the modern schools of Darwinian *evolutionism*—especially in Germany, as represented by that thorough-going apostle of "modern struggle for culture," Ernst-Haeckel, professor at Jena. They may attribute the belief of their colleagues in the phenomena, to certain molecular movements of the cell in the ganglia of their once powerful brains, hereditarily transmitted to them by their ignorant mediæval ancestors. Or, again, they may split their ranks, and establishing an *imperium in imperio* "divide and conquer" still. All this is possible; but time alone will show which of the parties will come off best.

We have been led to these reflections by a row now going on between German and Russian professors—all eminent and illustrious *savants*. The Teutons and Slavs, in the case under observation, are not fighting according to their nationality but conformably to their respective beliefs and unbeliefs. Having concluded, for the occasion, an offensive as well as a defensive alliance, regardless of race—they have broken up in two camps, one representing the spiritualists, and the other the sceptics. And now war to the knife is declared. Leading one party, are Professors Zöllner, Ulrizzi, and Fichte, Butlerof and Wagner, of the Leipzig, Halle and St. Petersburg Universities; the other follows Professors Wundt, Mendeleyef, and a host of other German and Russian celebrities. Hardly has Zöllner—a most renowned astronomer and physicist—printed his confession of faith in Dr. Slade's mediumistic phenomena and set his learned colleagues aghast when Professor Ulrizzi of the Halle University arouses the wrath of the Olympus of science by publishing a pamphlet entitled "The *so-called* Spiritualism a Scientific Question," intended as a complete refutation of the arguments of Professor Wundt, of the Leipzig University, against the modern belief, and contained in another pamphlet called by its author "spiritualism—*the so-called* scientific question." And now steps in another active combatant, Mr. Butlerof, Professor of Chemistry and Natural Sciences, of St. Petersburg, who narrates *his* experiments in London, with the medium Williams, and thus rouses up a most ferocious polemic. The humoristical illustrated paper *Kladderadatch* executes a war-dance, and shouts with joy, while the more serious conservative papers are indignant. Pressed behind their last entrenchments by the cool and uncontrovertible assertions of a most distinguished naturalist, the critics led forward by the St. Petersburg star, Mr. Bourenine, seem desperate, and evidently short of ammunition, since they are reduced to the expedient of trying to rout the enemy with the most remarkable paradoxes. The *pro* and *con* of the dispute are too interesting, and our posterity might complain, were the incidents suffered to be left beyond the reach of English and American readers interested in Spiritualism, by remaining confined to the German and Russian newspapers. So, Homer-like, we will follow the combatants and condense this modern Iliad for the benefit of our friends.

After several years of diligent research and investigation of the phenomena, Messrs. Wagner and Butlerof, both distinguished savants and professors in St. Petersburg University, became thoroughly convinced of the reality of the weird manifestations. As a result, both wrote numerous and strong articles in the leading periodicals in defence of the "mischievous epidemic"—as in his moments of "unconscious cerebration" and "prepossession" in favour of his own hobby, Dr. Carpenter calls spiritualism. Both of the above eminent gentlemen, are endowed with those precious qualities, which are the more to be respected as they are so seldom met with among our men of science. These qualities, admitted by their critic himself, Mr. Bourenine, are: (1) a serious and profound conviction that what they defend is true; (2) an unwavering courage in stating at every hazard, before a prejudiced and inimical public that such is their conviction; (3) clearness and consecutiveness in their statements; (4) the serene calmness and impartiality with which they treat the opinions of their opponents; (5) a full and profound acquaintance with the subject under discussion. The combination of the qualities enumerated, adds their critic, "leads us to regard the recent article by Professor Butlerof, *Empiricism and Dogmatism in the Domain of Mediumship,* as one of those essays whose commending significance cannot be denied and which are sure to strongly impress the readers. Such articles are positively rare in our periodicals; rare because of the originality of the author's conclusions; and because of the clear, precise, and serious presentation of facts" . . . . .

The article so eulogized may be summed up in a few words. We will not stop to enumerate the marvels of spiritual phenomena witnessed by Professor Zöllner with Dr. Slade and defended by Prof. Butlerof, since they are no more marvellous than the latter gentleman's personal experience in this direction with Mr. Williams, a medium of London, in 1876. The seances took place in a London hotel in the room occupied by the Honorable Alexandre Aksakof, Russian Imperial Councillor, in which, with the exception of this gentleman, there were but two other persons,—Prof. Butlerof and the medium. Confederacy was thus utterly impossible. And now, what took place under these conditions, which so impressed one of the first scientists of Russia? Simply this: Mr. Williams, the medium, was made to sit with his hands, feet, and even his person tightly bound with cords to his chair, which was placed in a dead-wall corner of the room, behind Mr. Butlerof's plaid hung across so as to form a screen. Williams soon fell into a kind of lethargic stupor, known, among spiritualists as the trance condition, and "spirits" began to appear before the eyes of the investigators. Various voices were heard, and loud sentences, pronounced by the "invisibles," from every part of the room; things—toilet appurtenances and so forth, began flying in every direction through the air; and finally "John King"—a sort of king of the spooks, who has been famous for years—made his appearance

bodily. But we must allow Prof. Butlerof to tell his phenomenal story himself. "We first saw moving"—he writes—"several bright lights in the air, and immediately after that appeared the full figure of 'John King.' His apparition is generally preceded by a greenish phosphoric light which, gradually becoming brighter, illuminates, more and more, the whole bust of John King. Then it is that those present perceive that the light emanates from some kind of a luminous object held by the 'spirit.' The face of a man with a thick black beard becomes clearly distinguishable; the head is enveloped in a white turban. The figure appears outside the cabinet (that is to say, the screened corner where the medium sat), and finally approaches us. We saw it each time for a few seconds; then rapidly waning, the light was extinguished and the figure became invisible to reappear again in a moment or two; then from the surrounding darkness, 'John's' voice is heard proceeding from the spot on which he had appeared mostly, though not always, when he had already disappeared. 'John' asked us 'what can I do for you?' and Mr. Aksakof requested him to rise up to the ceiling and from there speak to us. In accordance with the wish expressed, the figure suddenly appeared above the table and towered majestically above our heads to the ceiling which became all illuminated with the luminous object held in the spirit's hand, when 'John' was quite under the ceiling he shouted down to us: 'Will that do?'

During another séance M. Butlerof asked 'John' to approach him quite near, which the "spirit" did, and so gave him the opportunity of seeing clearly "the sparkling, clear eyes of John." Another spirit, "Peter," though he never put in a visible appearance during the séances, yet conversed with Messrs. Butlerof and Aksakof, wrote for them on paper furnished by them, and so forth.

Though the learned professor minutely enumerates all the precautions he had taken against possible fraud, the critic is not yet satisfied, and asks, pertinently enough: "Why did not the respectable *savant* catch 'John' in his arms, when the spirit was but at a foot's distance from him? Again, why did not both Messrs. Aksakof and Butlerof try to get hold of 'John's' legs, when he was mounting to the ceiling? Indeed they ought to have done all this, if they are really so anxious to learn the truth for their own sake, as for that of science, when they struggle to lead on toward the domains of the 'other world.' And, had they complied with such a simple and, at the same time, very little scientific test, there would be no more need for them, perhaps, to . . . further explain the scientific importance of the spiritual manifestations."

That this importance is not exaggerated, and has as much significance for the world of science, as for that of religious thought, is proved by so many philosophical minds speculating upon the modern "delusion." This is what Fichte, the learned German *savant,* says of it. "Modern spiritualism chiefly proves the existence of that which, in common parlance, is very vaguely

and inaptly termed *'apparition of spirits.'* If we concede the reality of such apparitions, then they become an undeniable, practical proof of the continuation of our personal, conscious existence (beyond the portals of death). And such a tangible, fully demonstrated fact cannot be otherwise but beneficent in this epoch, which, having fallen into a dreary denial of immortality, thinks, in the proud self-sufficiency of its vast intellect, that it has already happily left behind it every superstition of the kind." If such a tangible evidence could be really found, and demonstrated to us, beyond any doubt or cavil, reasons Fichte further on,—"if the reality of the continuation of our lives after death were furnished us upon positive proof, in strict accordance with the logical elements of experimental natural sciences, then it would be, indeed, a result with which, owing to its nature and peculiar signification for humanity, no other result to be met with in all the history of civilization could be compared. The old problem about man's destination upon earth would be thus solved, and consciousness in humanity would be elevated one step. That which, hitherto, could be revealed to man but in the domain of blind faith, presentiment, and passionate hope, would become to him—positive knowledge; he would have acquired the certainty that he was a member of an eternal, a spiritual world, in which he would continue living, and that his temporary existence upon this earth forms but a fractional portion of a future eternal life, and that it is only there that he would be enabled to perceive, and fully comprehend his real destination. Having acquired this profound conviction, mankind would be thoroughly impressed with a new and animating comprehension of life, and its intellectual perceptions opened to an idealism strong with incontrovertible facts. This would prove tantamount to a complete reconstruction of man in relation to his existence as an entity and mission upon earth; it would be, so to say, a 'new birth.' Whoever has lost all inner convictions as to his eternal destination, his faith in eternal life, whether the case be that of an isolated individuality, a whole nation, or the representative of a certain epoch, he or it may be regarded as having had uprooted, and to the very core, all sense of that invigorating force which alone lends itself to self-devotion and to progress. Such a man becomes what was inevitable—an egotistical, selfish, sensual being, concerned wholly for his self-preservation. His culture, his enlightenment, and civilization, can serve him but as a help and ornamentation toward that life of sensualism, or, at best, to guard him from all that can harm it."

Such is the enormous importance attributed by Professor Fichte and Professor Butlerof of Germany and Russia to the spiritual phenomena; and we may say the feeling is more than sincerely echoed in England by Mr. A. R. Wallace, F.R.S. (See his "Miracles and Modern Spiritualism.")

An influential American scientific journal uses an equally strong language when speaking of the value that a scientific dem-

onstration of the survival of the human soul would have for the world. If spiritualism prove true, it says, "it will become the one grand event of the world's history; it will give an imperishable lustre of glory to the Nineteenth Century. Its discoverer will have no rival in renown, and his name will be written high above any other. * * * If the pretensions of Spiritualism have a rational foundation, no more important work has been offered to men of science than their verification." (*Scientific American,* 1874, as quoted in Olcott's "People from the Other World," p. V. Pref.)

And now we will see what the stubborn Russian critic (who seems to be but the mouth-piece of European materialistic science) has to say in response to the unanswerable arguments and logic of Messrs. Fichte and Butlerof. If scepticism has no stronger arguments to oppose to spiritualism but the following original paradox, then we will have to declare it worsted in the dispute. Instead of the beneficial results foretold by Fichte in the case of the final triumph of spiritualism, the critic forecasts quite a different state of things.

"As soon," he says, "as such scientific methods shall have demonstrated, beyond doubt or cavil, to the general satisfaction, that our world is crammed with souls of men who have preceded us, and whom we will all join in turn; as soon as it shall be proven that these 'souls of the deceased' can communicate with mortals, all the earthly physical science of the eminent scholars will vanish like a soap-bubble, and will have lost all its interest for us living men. Why should people care for their proportionately short life upon earth, once that they have the positive assurance and conviction of another life to come after the bodily death; a death which does not in the least preclude conscious relations with the world of the living, or even their *post-mortem* participation in all its interests? Once, that with the help of science, based on mediumistic experiments and the discoveries of spiritualism, such relations shall have been firmly established, they will naturally become with every day more and more intimate; an extraordinary friendship will ensue between this and the 'other' worlds; that other world will begin divulging to this one the most occult mysteries of life and death, and the hitherto most inaccessible laws of the universe—those which now exact the greatest efforts of man's mental powers. Finally, nothing will remain for us in this temporary world to either do or desire, but to pass away as soon as possible into the world of eternity. *No inventions, no observations, no sciences will be any more needed!!* Why should people exercise their brains, for instance, in perfecting the telegraphs, when nothing else will be required but to be on good terms with spirits in order to avail of their services for the instantaneous transmission of thoughts and objects, not only from Europe to America, but even to the moon, if so desired? The following are a few of the results which a communion *de facto* between this world and the 'other', that certain men of science are hoping to establish by the help of spiritual-

ism, will inevitably lead us to: to the complete extinction of all science, and even of the human race, which will be ever rushing onward to a better life. The learned and scholarly *phantasists* who are so anxious to promote the science of spiritualism, *i. e.*, of a close communication between the two worlds, ought to bear the above in mind."

To which, the "scholarly phantasists" would be quite warranted in answering that one would have to bring his own mind to the exact measure of microscopic capacity required to elaborate such a theory as this, before he could take it into consideration at all. Is the above meant to be offered as an objection for *serious* consideration? Strange logic! We are asked to believe that, because these men of science, who now believe in naught but matter, and thus try to fit every phenomenon—even of a mental, and spiritual character,—within the Procrustean bed of their own preconceived hobbies, would find themselves, by the mere strength of circumstances forced, in their turn, to fit these cherished hobbies to *truth,* however unwelcome, and to *facts* wherever found—that because of that, science will lose all its charm for humanity. Nay—life itself will become a burden! There are millions upon millions of people who, without believing in spiritualism at all, yet have faith in another and a better world. And were that blind faith to become *positive knowledge* indeed, it could but better humanity.

Before closing his scathing criticism upon the "credulous men of *science,*" our reviewer sends one more bomb in their direction, which unfortunately like many other explosive shells misses the culprits and wounds the whole group of their learned colleagues. We translate the missile *verbatim,* this time for the benefit of all the European and American academicians.

"The eminent professor," he adds, speaking of Butlerof, and his article, "among other things, makes the most of the strange fact that spiritualism gains with every day more and more converts within the corporation of our great scientists. He enumerates a long list of English and German names among illustrious men of science, who have more or less confessed themselves in favor of the spiritual doctrines. Among these names we find such as are quite authoritative, those of the greatest luminaries of science. Such a fact is, to say the least, very striking, and in any case, lends a great weight to spiritualism. But we have only to ponder coolly over it, to come very easily to the conclusion *that it is just among such great men of science that spiritualism is most likely to spread and find ready converts.* With all their powerful intellects and gigantic knowledge, our great scholars are firstly, men of sedentary habits, and, secondly, they are, with scarcely an exception, *men with diseased and shattered nerves, inclined toward an abnormal development of an overstrained brain. Such sedentary men are the easiest to hoodwink;* a clever charlatan will make *an easier prey of, and bamboozle with far more facility a scholar than an unlearned but practical man.* Hallucination will far sooner get hold of persons inclined to nervous receptivity, especially if they

once concentrate themselves upon some peculiar ideas, or a favourite hobby. This, I believe, will explain the fact that we see so many men of science enrolling themselves in the army of spiritualists."

We need not stop to enquire how Messrs. Tyndall, Huxley, Darwin, Herbert Spencer, Lewes, and other eminent scientific and philosophical sceptics, will like such a prospect of rickety ganglionic centres, collective softening of the brain, and the resulting "hallucinations." The argument is not only an impertinent *naiveté,* but a literary monstrosity.

We are far from agreeing entirely with the views of Professor Butlerof, or even Mr. Wallace, as to the agencies at work behind the modern phenomena; yet between the extremes of spiritual negation and affirmation, there ought to be a middle ground; only pure philosophy can establish truth upon firm principles; and no philosophy can be complete unless it embraces both physics and metaphysics. Mr. Tyndall, who declares ("Science and Man") that "Metaphysics will be welcomed when it abandons its pretensions to scientific discovery, and consents to be ranked as a kind of poetry," opens himself to the criticism of posterity. Meanwhile, he must not regard it as an impertinence if his spiritualistic opponents retort with the answer that "physics will always be welcomed, when it abandons its pretension to psychological discovery." The physicists will have to consent to be regarded in a near future as no more than supervisors and analysts of physical results, who have to leave the spiritual causes to those who believe in them. Whatever the issue of the present quarrel, we fear, though, that spiritualism has made its appearance a century too late. Our age is pre-eminently one of extremes. The earnest philosophical, yet reverent doubters are few, and the name for those who rush to the opposite extreme is—Legion. We are the children of our century. Thanks to that same law of atavism, it seems to have inherited from its parent—the XVIIIth—the century of both Voltaire and Jonathan Edwards—all its extreme scepticism, and, at the same time, religious credulity and bigoted intolerance. Spiritualism is an abnormal and premature outgrowth, standing between the two; and, though it stands right on the high-way to truth, its ill-defined beliefs make it wander on through by-paths which lead to anything but philosophy. Its future depends wholly upon the timely help it can receive from honest science—that science which scorns no truth. It was, perhaps, when thinking of the opponents of the latter, that Alfred de Musset wrote the following magnificent apostrophe:—

"Sleepst thou content, Voltaire;
And thy dread smile hovers it still above
Thy fleshless bones . . . . . .?
Thine age they call too young to understand thee
This one should suit thee better—
Thy men are born!
And the huge edifice that, day and night, thy great hands undermined,
Is fallen upon us." . . . . . .

Path 8-209

BEFORE AMERICAN SPIRITUALISM*

SO many persons have come to suppose that Spiritualism took its rise through the rappings at Rochester under the mediumship of the Fox sisters, it may be profitable to reprint a few descriptions of spiritualistic *séances* which had place a hundred years ago in France, Germany, and other European countries. At that time there were very many inquiring minds looking for the truth. They lived at a time when the Church had complete power, except perhaps in France, as in the latter country the Revolution was in the air. Much of the inquiry was tinctured with prevailing religious thought, and at the same time *séances* were held very privately. But enough leaked out and was recorded in various ways to indicate that much more of the same kind must have gone on. These extracts are taken from the *Theosophical Correspondence* between Count Saint Martin and Baron Liebistorf, beginning in 1792.

Nevertheless, as I believe I speak to a man of moderation, calm and discreet, I will not withhold from you that in the school through which I passed, more than twenty-five years ago, *communications* of all kinds were numerous and frequent, in which I had my share, like many others; and that, in this share, every sign indicative of the Repairer was present. Now you know the Repairer, and active Cause, are one. Nevertheless, as I was introduced by an initiation, and the danger of all initiations is lest we should be delivered over to the violent spirits of the world, as happened to Adam when he initiated himself in his imagination (*Incarnation,* 3d part, vi. 1), and his desire was not all of God, I cannot answer that the forms which showed themselves to me may not have been assumed forms, for the door is open to all initiations, and this is what makes these ways so faulty and suspicious. I know that Germany is full of these initiations; I know that the Cabinet of Berlin is guided, and leads its King by their means—and, hitherto, without much profit to boast of; I know, in short, that the whole earth is full of these prodigies; but, I repeat, unless things come from the centre itself I do not give them my confidence. I can assure you I have received by the inward way truths and joys a thousand times higher than those I have received from without.

* * *

A remarkable instance of this kind, which I heard of about two years ago, is what occurred at the consecration of the Egyptian Masonic Lodge at Lyons, 27th July, 5556, according to their reckoning—which I believe to be incorrect. The labors lasted three days, and the prayers fifty-four hours; there were twenty-seven in the meeting. While the members were praying to the Eternal to manifest His approbation by a visible sign, and the Master was in the middle of his ceremonies, the Repairer appeared and blessed the members assembled. He came down on a blue cloud, which served for vehicle to this apparition; gradually he ascended again on this cloud, which, from the moment of his descent from heaven to earth, acquired a splendor so dazzling that a young girl, C., who was present could not bear its light. The two great prophets and the lawgiver of Israel also gave signs of their benevolence and approval. Who could reasonably doubt the fervor and piety of those twenty-seven members? . . . I repeat my question: do you believe in physical communications, emanating from or produced in the centre? I call centre, in

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the poverty of my nomenclature, the interior of our souls; but I know not whether perception of any sort can penetrate to it; yes or no?

* * *

I found some old acquaintances at Bale, who, to my surprise, were very advanced in the theory and practice of communications. They told me of an event which had just occurred to a celebrated ecclesiastic of Zurich whom I formerly knew; his name is Lavater. He has received an invitation to go to see some persons of the highest rank in a northern court; not the one you mentioned in one of your letters, whose Cabinet would not move a step without physical consultations [Berlin—TR.]; the one in question is farther north [Copenhagen—TR.] Lavater arrived there last summer; he met with men of education engaged in public business and living in the world, occupying high positions—men of acknowledged probity, who, in inviting him, could have no motive but one of goodness, for they even defrayed the expense of his journey. These men assure him that they have immediate communications with the active intelligent Cause; they assure him that one of his friends, dead some time ago, will, through his medium, enter their society. These men promise to enlighten him on subjects upon which he had prayed for light for a long while—on the doctrine of the heavenly food, the great mystery. . . . They tell him also, what is very remarkable, that whenever they are together they have a most intimate experience of the truth of the promise "When two or three are met together in my name, there am I in the midst of them": since then a cloud, white as snow, descends, and for about half an hour rests upon them. They were convinced that these manifestations were signs and emanations of the active and intelligent Cause:

(1) Because these communications were always had after prayer had been offered to that Cause, and the answers came immediately after the petitions.

(2) Because these manifestations enjoined their love for that Cause.

(3) Because the manifestation which they called Lord, Spirit of the Lord, Image, and Symbol of the Lord, received their adoration, which no good virtue would have dared to do.

(4) Because the answers were given at the same time, in many places, to different persons, and in the same manner.

(5) Because it judged them with severity, and on their sincere repentance it immediately blessed them, and that visibly.

(6) Because whenever they asked it "Art thou the active intelligent Cause?" they were answered "Yes," which no power, good or bad, would have dared to say.

(7) Because they were quite able to distinguish him from the good and evil intermediate beings which surrounded him.

I thank you for elucidating the new branch of intercourse going on in the North. The great difficulty remains as to the conclusions of our Zuricher: "Art thou the active intelligent Cause?" They answered "'Yes,' *which no intermediate power,* good or bad, *would have dared to say.*" Is this conclusion right or not?—that's the question.

The father, notwithstanding his attachment to these subaltern initiations, has been gradually led round to my way of thinking by his daughters. What completely gained me the confidence of these young ladies, who may yet open all their soul to the truth, was reading the twelfth and thirteenth chapters of *I Corinthians,* which the eldest of them opened accidentally. But with the other men, members of this society, and who are men of a certain age, nothing of consequence can be done. They are infected with the idea of the prerogative of having this direct intercourse with the powers.

* * *

I have received a quire-full of details of the experiences at Copenhagen. They still glorify themselves in the belief that the light, which, after their questions, gives out the sign "yes" or "no", is a whitish phosphoric color, and

not red, because red, or the color of fire, would be a bad species. . . . Just as if it was not as easy to ape a whitish color as a fiery color.

Sometimes they see a star by the side of the light which is their oracle: they know this star represents a *virtue*. Then they ask: "Dare it remain there?" According to the answer "Yes" or "No", the scholars order, the star obeys.

They sometimes put questions on points of doctrine; for instance, they ask:

"Is there a passage in Scripture which indisputably proves the metempsychosis?"

"Yes and no."

Some understand this to mean that such passages may be found in the *Old Testament*, and they again ask:

"Is there any in the *New Testament?*"
"Yes."
"In the four Evangelists?"
"Yes."
"In *St. Matthew?*"
"Yes."
"In the first chapter?"
"No."
"In the second?"
"No."
"In the fourth?"
"No."
"In the eleventh?"
"Yes."
"In the four first verses?"
"No."
"In the four next?"
"No."
"In the fourteenth?"
"Yes."

* * *

In this record we find support for certain conclusions. First, that the *modus operandi* was the same then as it now is in American spiritualism. Second, the alleged spirits showed at that time the same ignorance and want of progress which they have given evidence of ever since. There the communicating spirits of 1792, including the "Great First Cause", spoke in line with the philosophic and religious views of the believers, going no further and knowing no more about God, Nature, or Man than the questioners. This is exactly what is proved by the record of forty years of American Spiritualism. If to this we add the fact, so well known, that the old Greek Spiritualists obtained from their mediums at the Temples of the Oracles precise answers to their questions, confirming their own views, we must admit that spiritualism of no matter what kind, in every time, and among all nations, will gain from the unseen powers giving reports and communications no more in respect to philosophy, religion, and the laws of nature and man's constitution than corresponds with the most advanced thought of living believers. In other words, man's true teacher and initiator is himself in the body, and not any intelligence devoid of a body.

WILLIAM BREHON.

OUR THREE OBJECTS*

> "All the performances of human heart at which we look with praise or wonder are instances of the resistless force of PERSEVERANCE. It is by this that the quarry becomes a pyramid, and that distant countries are united by canals. . . . Operations incessantly continued, in time surmount the greatest difficulties, and mountains are levelled and oceans bounded by the slender force of human beings."
>
> —JOHNSON.

"SO it is, and must be always, my dear boys. If the Angel Gabriel were to come down from heaven and head a successful rise against the most abominable and unrighteous vested interest which the poor old world groans under, he would most certainly lose his character for many years, probably for centuries, not only with upholders of the said vested interest, but with the respectable mass of people he had delivered."

—HUGHES.

Post nubila Phœbus.—After the clouds, sunshine. With this, LUCIFER enters upon its fifth volume; and having borne her share of the battle of personalities which has been raging throughout the last volume, the editor feels as though she has earned the right to a period of peace. In deciding to enjoy that, at all costs, hereafter, she is moved as much by a feeling of contempt for the narrow-mindedness, ignorance and bigotry of her adversaries as by a feeling of fatigue with such wearisome inanities. So far, then, as she can manage to control her indignation and not too placid temperament, she will henceforth treat with disdain the calumnious misrepresentations of which she seems to be the chronic victim.

The beginning of a volume is the fittest time for a retrospect; and to such we now invite the reader's attention.

If the outside public know Theosophy only as one half sees a dim shape through the dust of battle, the members of our Society at least ought to keep in mind what it is doing on the lines of its declared objects. It is to be feared that they overlook this, amid the din of this sensational discussion of its principles, and the calumnies levelled at its officers. While the narrower-minded of the Secularists, Christians and Spiritualists vie with each other in attempts to cover with opprobrium one of the leaders of Theosophy, and to belittle its claims to public regard, the Theosophical Society is moving on in dignity towards the goal it set up for itself at the beginning.

Silently, but irresistibly, it is widening its circle of usefulness and endearing its name to various nations. While its traducers

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are busy at their ignoble work, it is creating the facts for its future historiographer. It is not in polemical pamphlets or sensational newspaper articles that its permanent record will be made, but in the visible realization of its original scheme of making a nucleus of universal brotherhood, reviving Oriental literature and philosophies, and aiding in the study of occult problems in physical and psychological science. The Society is barely fourteen years old, yet how much has it not accomplished! And how much that involves work of the highest quality. Our opponents may not be inclined to do us justice, but our vindication is sure to come later on. Meanwhile, let the plain facts be put on record without varnish or exaggeration. Classifying them under the appropriate headings, they are as follows:

I. BROTHERHOOD.

When we arrived in India, in February 1879, there was no unity between the races and sects of the Peninsula, no sense of a common public interest, no disposition to find the mutual relation between the several sects of ancient Hinduism, or that between them and the creeds of Islam, Jainism, Buddhism and Zoroastrianism. Between the Brahmanical Hindus of India and their kinsmen, the modern Sinhalese Buddhists, there had been no religious intercourse since some remote epoch. And again, between the several castes of the Sinhalese—for, true to their archaic Hindu parentage, the Sinhalese do still cling to caste despite the letter and spirit of their Buddhist religion—there was a complete disunity, no intermarriages, no spirit of patriotic homogeneity, but a rancorous sectarian and caste ill-feeling. As for any international reciprocity, in either social or religious affairs, between the Sinhalese and the Northern Buddhistic nations, such a thing had never existed. Each was absolutely ignorant of and indifferent about the other's views, wants or aspirations. Finally, between the races of Asia and those of Europe and America there was the most complete absence of sympathy as to religious and philosophical questions. The labours of the Orientalists from Sir William Jones and Burnouf down to Prof. Max Müller, had created among the learned a philosophical interest, but among the masses not even that. If to the above we add that all the Oriental religions, without exception, were being asphyxiated to death by the poisonous gas of Western official science, through the medium of the educational agencies of European administrations and Missionary propagandists, and that the Native graduates and undergraduates of India, Ceylon and Japan had largely turned agnostics and revilers of the old religions, it will be seen how difficult a task it must have been to bring something like harmony out of this chaos, and make a tolerant if not a friendly feeling spring up and banish these hatreds, evil suspicions, ill feelings, and mutual ignorance.

Ten years have passed and what do we see? Taking the points *seriatim* we find—that throughout India unity and brotherhood have replaced the old disunity, one hundred and twenty-five Branches of our Society have spring up in India alone, each a nucleus of our idea of fraternity, a centre of religious and social unity. Their membership embraces representatives of all the better castes and all Hindu sects, and a majority are of that class of hereditary savants and philosophers, the Brahmans, to pervert whom to Christianity has been the futile struggle of the Missionary and the self-appointed task of that high-class forlorn hope, the Oxford and Cambridge Missions. The President of our Society, Col. Olcott, has traversed the whole of India several times, upon invitation, addressing vast crowds upon theosophic themes and sowing the seed from which, in time, will be garnered the full harvest of our evangel of brotherhood and mutual dependence. The growth of this kindly feeling has been proven in a variety of ways: first, in the unprecedented gathering of races, castes and sects in the annual Conventions of the Theosophical Society: second, in the rapid growth of a theosophical literature advocating our altruistic views, in the founding of various journals and magazines in several languages, and in the rapid cessation of sectarian controversies; third, in the sudden birth and phenomenally rapid growth of the patriotic movement which is centralized in the organisation called the Indian National Congress. This remarkable political body was planned by certain of our Anglo-Indian and Hindu members after the model and on the lines of the Theosophical Society, and has from the first been directed by our own colleagues; men among the most influential in the Indian Empire. At the same time, there is no connection whatever, barring that through the personalities of individuals, between the Congress and its mother body, our Society. It would never have come into existence, in all probability, if Col. Olcott had suffered himself to be tempted into the side paths of human brotherhood, politics, social reforms, etc., as many have wanted him to do. We aroused the dormant spirit and warmed the Aryan blood of the Hindus, and one vent the new life made for itself was this Congress. All this is simple history and passes unchallenged.

Crossing over to Ceylon, behold the miracles our Society has wrought, upon the evidence of many addresses, reports, and other official documents heretofore brought under the notice of our readers and the general public. The castemen affiliating; the sectarian ill-feeling almost obliterated; sixteen Branches of the Society formed in the Island, the entire Sinhalese community, one may almost say, looking to us for counsel, example and leadership; a committee of Buddhists going over to India with Col. Olcott to plant a cocoanut—ancient symbol of affection and good-will—in the compound of the Hindu Temple in Tinnevelly, and Kandyan nobles, until now holding aloof from the low-country people with

the haughty disdain of their feudal traditions, becoming Presidents of our Branches, and even travelling as Buddhist lecturers.

Ceylon was the *foyer* from which the religion of Gautama streamed out to Cambodia, Siam and Burma; what then, could be more appropriate than that there should be borne from this Holy Land a message of Brotherhood to Japan! How this message was taken, how delivered by our President, and with what magnificent results, is too well known to the whole Western World to need reiteration of the story in the present connection. Suffice it to say, it ranks among the most dramatic events in history, and is the all sufficient, unanswerable and crowning proof of the vital reality of our scheme to beget the feeling of Universal Brotherhood among all peoples, races, kindreds, castes and colours.

One evidence of the practical good sense shown in our management is the creation of the "Buddhist Flag" as a conventional symbol of the religion apart from all sectarian questions. Until now the Buddhists have had no such symbol as the cross affords to the Christians, and consequently have lacked that essential sign of their common relation to each other, which is the crystallizing point, so to say, of the fraternal force our Society is trying to evoke. The Buddhist flag effectually supplies this want. It is made in the usual proportions of national Ensigns, as to length and width, and composed of six vertical bars of colours in the following order: Sapphire blue, golden yellow, crimson, white, scarlet and a bar combining all the other colours. This is no arbitrary selection of hues, but the application to this present purpose of the tints described in the old Pali and Sanskrit works as visible in the *psychosphere* or aura, around Buddha's person and conventionally depicted as chromatic vibrations around his images in Ceylon and other countries. *Esoterically,* they are very suggestive in their combination. The new flag was first hoisted on our Colombo Headquarters, then adopted with acclaim throughout Ceylon; and being introduced by Colonel Olcott into Japan, spread throughout that Empire even within the brief term of his recent visit.

Calumny cannot obliterate or even belittle the least of these facts. They have passed through the fog of to-day's hatred into the sunshine which lights up all events for the eye of the historian.

II. ORIENTAL PHILOSOPHY, LITERATURE, ETC.

No one unacquainted with India and the Hindus can form a conception of the state of feeling among the younger generation of college and school-bred Hindus towards their ancestral religion, that prevailed at the time of our advent there, ten years ago. The materialistic and agnostic attitude of mind towards religion in the abstract, which prevails in Western Universities, had been conveyed to the Indian colleges and schools by their graduates, the European Professors who occupied the several chairs in the latter institutions of learning. The text books fed this spirit, and the

educated Hindus, as a class, were thoroughly sceptical in religious matters, and only followed the rites and observances of the national cult from considerations of social necessity. As for the Missionary colleges and schools, their effect was only to create doubt and prejudice against Hinduism and all religions, without in the least winning regard for Christianity or making converts. The cure for all this was, of course, to attack the citadel of scepticism, scientific sciolism, and prove the scientific basis of religion in general and of Hinduism in particular. This task was undertaken from the first and pursued to the point of victory; a result evident to every traveller who enquires into the present state of Indian opinion. The change has been noted by Sir Richard Temple, Sir Edwin Arnold, Mr. Caine, M.P., Lady Jersey, Sir Monier Williams, the Primate of India, the Bishops and Archdeacons of all the Presidencies, the organs of the several Missionary societies, the Principals and Professors of their colleges, the correspondents of European journals, a host of Indian authors and editors, congresses of Sanskrit pandits, and has been admitted in terms of fervent gratitude in multitudes of addresses read to Col. Olcott in the course of his extended journeys. Without exaggeration or danger of contradiction, it may be affirmed that the labours of the Theosophical Society in India have infused a fresh and vigorous life into Hindu Philosophy; revived the Hindu Religion; won back the allegiance of the graduate class to the ancestral beliefs; created an enthusiasm for Sanksrit Literature that shows itself in the republication of old Encyclopædias, scriptures and commentaries, the foundation of many Sanskrit schools, the patronage of Sanskrit by Native Princes, and in other ways. Moreover, through its various literary and corporate agencies, the Society has disseminated throughout the whole world a knowledge of and taste for Aryan Philosophy.

The reflex action of this work is seen in the popular demand for theosophical literature, and novels and magazine tales embodying Oriental ideas. Another important effect is the modification by Eastern Philosophy of the views of the Spiritualists, which has fairly begun, with respect to the source of some of the intelligence behind mediumistic phenomena. Still another is the adhesion of Mrs. Annie Besant—brought about by the study of Esoteric Doctrine—from the Secularist party, an event fraught with most important consequences, both to our Society, to Secularism and the general public. Sanskrit names never previously heard in the West have become familiar to the reading public, and works like the *Bhagavad Gita* are now to be found in the bookshops of Europe, America and Australasia.

Ceylon has seen a revival of Buddhism, the circulation of religious books by tens of thousands, the translation of the *Buddhist Catechism* into many languages of the East, West and North, the founding of theosophical High Schools at Colombo, Kandy and

Ratnapura, the opening of nearly fifty schools for Buddhist children under the supervision of our Society, the granting of a national Buddhist Holiday by Government, and of other important privileges, the establishment of a vernacular semi-weekly Buddhist journal in Colombo, and one in English, both composed, printed and published from the Society's own printing-office. And it has also seen us bring from Japan seven clever young Buddhist priests to learn Pali under the venerated High Priest Sumangala, so as to be able to expound to their own countrymen the Buddhistic canon as it exists in the Southern Church twenty-five centuries after the nirvana of Buddha.

Thus, it is not to be doubted or denied that, within its first fourteen years of existence, the Theosophical Society has succeeded to an extent beyond all expectation in realising the first two of its three declared objects. It has proved that neither race, nor creed, neither colour, nor old antipathies are irremovable obstacles to the spread of the idea of altruism and human brotherhood, Utopian dream as it may have been considered by theorists who view man as a mere physical problem, ignoring the inner, greater, higher self.

III. OCCULTISM.

Though but a minority of our members are mystically inclined, yet, in point of fact, the key to all our successes as above enumerated is in our recognition of the fact of the Higher Self—colourless, cosmopolitan, unsectarian, sexless, unworldly, altruistic—and the doing of our work on that basis. To the Secularist, the Agnostic, the Sciolistic Scientist, such results would have been unattainable, nay, would have been unthinkable. Peace Societies are Utopian, because no amount of argument based upon exoteric considerations of social morals or expediency, can turn the hearts of the rulers of nations away from selfish war and schemes of conquest.

Social differentiations, the result of physical evolutions and material environment, breed race hatreds and sectarian and social antipathies that are insurmountable if attacked from the outside. But, since human nature is ever identical, all men are alike open to influences which centre upon the human "heart," and appeal to the human intuition; and as there is but one Absolute Truth, and this is the soul and life of all human creeds, it is possible to effect a reciprocal alliance for the research of and dissemination of that basic Truth. We know that a comprehensive term for that Eternal Verity is the "Secret Doctrine"; we have preached it, have won a hearing, have, to some extent, swept away the old barriers, formed our fraternal nucleus, and, by reviving the Aryan Literature, caused its precious religious, philosophical and scientific teachings to spread among the most distant nations.

If we have not opened regular schools of adeptship in the Society, we have at least brought forward a certain body of proof that adepts exist and that adeptship is a logical necessity in the natural order of human development. We have thus helped the West to a worthier ideal of man's potentialities than it before possessed. The study of Eastern psychology has given the West a clue to certain mysteries previously baffling, as, for example, in the department of mesmerism and hypnotism, and in that of the supposed posthumous relations of the disincarnate entity with the living. It has also furnished a theory of the nature and relations of Force and Matter capable of practical verification by whomsoever may learn and follow out the experimental methods of the Oriental schools of Occult science. Our own experience leads us to say that this science and its complementary philosophy throw light upon some of the deepest problems of man and nature: in science, bridging the "Impassable Chasm," in philosophy, making it possible to formulate a consistent theory of the origin and destiny of the heavenly orbs and their progeny of kingdoms and various planes. Where Mr. Crookes stops in his quest after the meta-elements, and finds himself at a loss to trace the missing atoms in his hypothetical series of seven, Adwaita Philosophy steps in with its perfected theory of the evolution of differentiated out of undifferentiated matter, Prakriti out of Mulaprakriti—the "rootless root."

With the present publication of the "Key to Theosophy," a new work that explains clearly and in plain language what our Esoteric Theosophy believes in and what it disbelieves and *positively rejects,* there will remain no more pretexts for flinging at our heads fantastic accusations. Now the "correspondents" of Spiritualistic and other *Weeklies,* as well as those who afflict respectable daily papers with denunciations of the *alleged* "dogmas of the Theosophists" that never had any existence outside our traducers' heads, will have to prove what they father upon us, by showing chapter and verse for it in our Theosophical publications, and especially in the "Key to Theosophy."*

They can plead ignorance no longer; and if they would still denounce, they must do so on the authority of what is stated therein, as every one has now an easy opportunity offered him of learning our philosophy.

To close, our Society has done more within its fourteen years of life to familiarize Western thinkers with great Aryan thought and discovery than any other agency within the past nineteen centuries. What it is likely to do in the future cannot be forecast; but experience warrants the hope that it may be very much, and that it will enlarge its already wide field of useful activity.

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SOME VIEWS OF AN ASIATIC*[1]

YOU ask me what is my belief about "reïncarnation." Well, as it is a complicated question, I must give you a plain statement of my full belief. To begin with, I am a Pantheist. I believe that *the whole universe is God.* You must, however, well understand that the word "God" does not convey to me any meaning attached to that word by the Westerns. When I say "God" I understand it to be nature or universe, and no more. Therefore I might more appropriately be called a "naturalist." To my mind there is no possibility of the existence of an extra-cosmical Deity. For if there were, the harmony or equilibrium of nature could not be preserved, and the whole, instead of being one harmonious whole, would be a Tower of Babel. This harmony can be kept only by the working of the immutable laws of Nature. And if the laws of nature be immutable, they must be blind, and require no guiding hand.[2] Hence the existence of an extra-cosmical Deity is impossible. This is, as far as I can understand, the chief teaching and principle of Aryan philosophy. As the position is logical, I must accept it in preference to the Semitic theory, which rests on blind faith alone.

Some of the Pantheists recognize the existence of two distinct entities, viz., Matter and Spirit. But thinking deeply over the subject has led me to the conclusion that their position is not quite logical; for, as far as I can understand, there can be but one Infinite entity and not two. Call it either matter or spirit, but it is one and the same. Who can say that this is spirit and that matter? Take an instance: Ice is a gross form of matter. If a little rarified it will be water, which is still matter. Higher still it is vapor; still matter. Higher, gas; it is still matter. Further it becomes ether, but it is still matter; and then you may go on *ad infinitum.* Thus becoming more and more sublimated, it will reach its climax by the way of spiritualism. But still it does not become nothing. For if it does, there must come a time when the whole universe will be nothing. If it is so, it is not infinite, as it has an end. If it has an end, it must have had a beginning; if it had a beginning, it must have been created; and thus we must assume the existence of an extra-cosmical Deity, which, as said above, is not logical. Then we thus logically find that this highest sublimated form of matter cannot be nothing. In this case matter has reached that climax of sublimation or spiritualization, when any further action would make it grosser, not finer. What is commonly understood by the word *spirit,* then, is nothing but that highly etherealized form of matter which we, with our finite senses, cannot com-

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[1]Taken from a private letter to Wm. Q. Judge, F. T. S., received in 1878-9, and first published in the *Platonist.*

[2]Allowance must be made all through for a lack of complete knowledge of the English language. What is here meant is that the inherent impulse acts according to its own laws without any *extra-cosmic* power meddling with it as a guide.—EDITOR *Path.*

prehend. But it is still matter, inasmuch as it is still something and liable to be grosser.

There is then *only one* eternal infinite existence, call it either spirit or matter. I will, however, call it by the latter name, as that is most suited in its common understanding for what I am to state. Matter, as you know, we call *Maya*. Some say that this thing does not really exist; but I do not agree to that. In my opinion it is called Maya *simply on account of these transformations*. It is never steady. The process is ever working. The one infinite agglomeration of matter is in some of its modes becoming grosser, while in others becoming more sublimated. The circle is ever turning its round. Nothing goes out of that circle. Everything is kept within its bounds by the action of the centripetal and centrifugal forces. The *forms* are changing, but the *inner substance* remains the same.

You will ask: "What is the use of being good or bad; our souls in proper time will be etherealized?" But what is a soul? Is it material or immaterial? Well, it is material for me, and there is nothing immaterial, as said above. As far as I can think, it is an agglomeration of all the attributes together with that something which gives us the consciousness that we *are*. But in the case of the ice, it was not sublimated until touched by heat. The centripetal force was strong in its action, and it required the centrifugal force to refine the ice. Just so with man. The action of the centripetal force keeps us to our gross forms, and if we have to etherealize ourselves, we must supply the centrifugal force, which is our *will*. And this is the first principle of Occultism. We must study and know the forces of nature. Every result must be in proportion to the cause producing it. We are every instant emitting and attracting atoms of matter. Now, a person who is not an occultist will have various desires, and unconsciously to himself he will produce a cause which will attract to him such atoms of matter as are not suited for his higher progress. The same way, when he is emitting others, he may give them such a tendency that they will mix with others evilly inclined; and thus other individualities, which are thus formed, will have to suffer for no fault of theirs. But an occultist directs both. He is the master of the situation. He guides them, and by knowing their action he produces such conditions as are favorable to his obtaining of "Nirvana."

But what is *Nirvana?* By Nirvana I mean a *state*, and not a locality. It is that condition in which we are so etherealized that instead of being merely a mode of the Infinite Existence, as at present, we are merged in totality, or we become the *whole*. Another thing about the advanced occultist is that he is in a better position to benefit humanity.[1]

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[1]It is said that Buddha attained to Nirvana before he left this earth, hence he was always free.—EDITOR *Path*.

The particles of which I am formed have always existed; yet I do not know in what form they existed before. Probably they have passed through billions of transformations.[2] Why do I not know these? Because I did not supply the force that would have prevented the disintegration of my individuality.[3] I will, if I attain Nirvana, remain there till the action of the force that put me there ceases; the effect being always in proportion to the cause. The law of Exhaustion must assert itself.[4]

In passing through this process of etherealization, you all along give a certain tendency to the particles of which you are composed. This tendency will always assert itself; and thus in every cycle, or reïncarnation, you will have the same advantages which you can always utilize to soon be free, and by remaining longer in the Nirvana state than the generality of humanity, you are comparatively free.[5] So every consciousness, which has been once fully developed, must disintegrate, if not preserved by the purity of its successive Egos till the Nirvana state is attained. Now I believe that the full development of my consciousness as Krishna is possible only on this earth,[6] and therefore if I die before that is done I must be reborn here. If I reach the Nirvana state, even though I am in another body, I shall know myself as Krishna.

Now I suppose this is sufficient for you. It is difficult to put such ideas on paper. Such things are to be understood intuitionally. * * *

Path-10-1895

H. P. B. ON MESSAGES FROM MASTERS*

SOME years ago H. P. B. was charged with misuse of Mahâtmâs names and handwritings, with forgery of messages from the Mahâtmâs, and with humbugging the public and the T. S. therewith. Those charges had floated vaguely about for some time and at last came the explosion. Afterward when writing on the subject of *"Lodges of Magic"* in *Lucifer*[1] the question of the genuineness or the opposite of such messages was dealt with, and what

[2]That all the particles of the matter of our universe have passed through millions of transformations, and been in every sort of form, is an old assertion of the Adepts. H. P. B. in *Isis Unveiled,* and the *Secret Doctrine* points this out as showing how the Adept may use matter, and it will also bear upon the protean shapes the astral matter may assume.—EDITOR *Path.*

[3]This word is used to mean the personalities; the person in any birth. Since the letter was written, *individuality* is much used to mean the indestructible part.—EDITOR *Path.*

[4]If this be right—and I agree with it—Nirvana has to come to an end, just as Devachan must; and being ended, the individual must return to some manifested plane or world for further work.—EDITOR *Path.*

[5]The comparison made is with the general run of men in all races. They are not free at any time. In the writer's opinion there is a certain amount of freedom in being in Nirvana; but he refers to other and secret doctrines which he does not explain.—EDITOR *Path.*

[6]This has always been accepted, that only on earth could we unify the great potential trinity in each, so that we are conscious of the union, and that when that is done, and not before, we may triumph over all illusions, whether of name or form, place or time, or any other.—EDITOR *Path.*

* This article was first printed by Wm. Q. Judge in *The Path* for July, 1895.

[1] Vol. III, p. 92-93.

she wrote is here presented for reconsideration. It covers two matters.

First, it proves out of her own mouth what the *Path* not long ago said that "if one letter has to be doubted then all have" to be doubted. Hence, if the *Letter to some Brahmans* is a fraud, as Col. Olcott and another say, then all the rest are, also.

Second, it applies precisely to the present state of affairs in respect to messages from Masters, just as if she had so long ago foreseen the present and left the article so that tyros in occultism, such as the present agitators are, might have something to show them how to use their judgment. The portion selected from her article reads:

"We have been asked by a correspondent why he should not 'be free to suspect some of the so-called "precipitated" letters as being forgeries,' giving as his reason for it that while some of them bear the stamp of (to him) undeniable genuineness, others seem from their contents and style, to be imitations. This is equivalent to saying that he has such an unerring spiritual insight as to be able to detect the false from the true, though he has never met a Master, nor been given any key by which to test his alleged communications. The inevitable consequence of applying his untrained judgment in such cases, would be to make him as likely as not to declare false what was genuine and genuine what was false. Thus what *criterion* has any one to decide between one 'precipitated' letter, or another such letter? Who except their authors, or those whom they employ as their *amanuenses* (the *chelas* and disciples) can tell? For it is hardly one out of a hundred 'occult' letters that is ever written by the hand of the Master, in whose name and on whose behalf they are sent, as the Masters have neither need nor leisure to write them; and when a Master says 'I wrote that letter' it means only that every word in it was dictated by him and impressed under his direct supervision. Generally they make their chela, whether near or far away, write (or precipitate) them, by impressing upon his mind the ideas they wish expressed, and if necessary aiding him in the picture-printing process of precipitation. It depends entirely upon the chela's state of development, how accurately the ideas may be transmitted and the writing-model imitated. Thus the non-adept recipient is left in the dilemma of uncertainty, whether if one letter is false all may not be, for as far as intrinsic evidence goes, all come from the same source, and all are brought by the same mysterious means. But there is another and far worse condition implied. All the so-called *occult* letters being supported by identical proofs, *they have all to stand or fall together.* If one is to be doubted, then all have, and the series of letters in the 'Occult World,' 'Esoteric Buddhism,' etc., etc., may be, and there is no reason why they should not be in such a case,—*frauds,* 'clever impostures,' and 'forgeries' such as the ingenuous though stupid agent of the 'S. F. R.' has made them out to be, in order to raise in the public estimation the scientific acumen and standard of his 'Principals.'" . . . .

YOGA VIDYA*

(Continued from the last month.)

By an F. T. S. . . .

The Siddhis of Krishna may be thus defined:

1. *Animá*—the power to atomize "the body;" to make it become smallest of the smallest.

2. *Mahimá*—the power to magnify one's body to any dimensions.

3. *Laghima*—the power to become lightest of the lightest.

These three, the commentator says, relate to "the body;" but he does not enlighten us as to whether the outer or inner—the physical or astral—body is meant. Turning to Bhoja Raja's commentary on Patanjali (Govinda Deva Sastri's translation, in *Pandit,* Vol. V. p. 206), we find Animá explained as a "Minuteness—attainment of an atomic form, or the power of becoming as minute as an atom; [by this power the ascetic can enter into a diamond, etc]."

Garimá—is the obtaining of control over the attraction of gravitation, so that one's body may attain such great heaviness as to weigh tons if one chooses; or acquire such levity as to be like a flake of cotton in lightness.

Let the reader observe that here are two Siddhis (*animá* and *mahimá*); which can only refer to conditions of the astral body, and a third which may be applicable to either the astral or physical body of the ascetic. Whenever we have such instances coming under notice, our first thought must be that *there is no such thing possible as a miracle; whatever happens does so in strict compliance with natural law.* For instance; knowing what we do of the composition and structure of a man's body,—a mass of bioplastic matter—it is unthinkable that he should make it small enough to enter into an atom or a diamond-grain. So, also, that he should illimitably swell it out and stretch it, so as to "occupy as much space as he likes." A living adult man cannot be compressed into a speck. But as to the inner body, or soul, the case is different. By 'soul' we mean, in this instance, the plastic, ethereal inner-self, that which corresponds to the western idea of a "double,"[1] and, in the ancient Indian philosophy is known as the *Mayavi-rupa*—(illusionary form), and as *Káma-rupa*—(WILL-form). These are identical, for the *double* exists in its latent state in every living being, as it is the exact ethereal counterpart of the outer body. The difference in name but indicates the different circumstances under which it is at times made to become objective—that is visi-

*This article was first printed by H. P. Blavatsky in *The Theosophist* for November, 1879.

[1]The *double* which appears under two aspects at times as—a dull non-intelligent form or animate statue, at other times as an intelligent entity. More than anyone else, the spiritualists ought to be aware of the difference.

ble. In the case of mediums, or when, as a result and the unconscious effect of an intense desire which attracts a person's thoughts to a certain place, or prompts him to a certain action, it thus oozes out of its envelope of flesh, it then is called *Mayavi-rupa* (illusionary form). It made itself visible because compelled to it by the law of inter-magnetic action, which, when left to itself, acts blindly. But when it is projected by the trained will of an adept, a Yogi, who directs it at his own convenience, then it is designated as *Káma-rupa,*—WILL-form, or Desire-form; *i. e.* so to say, created, or called forth into objective shape, by the will, and at the desire of its possessor.

This "dual-soul," must not be confounded with either *Jivátma* (the vital principle resident in inert matter) or, the *Ling-Sarir.* This last named is the subtile, ethereal element of the ego of an organism; inseparably united to the coarser elements of the latter; it never leaves it but at death. While its functionary principle—the *Linga-Deha*—is the executive agent, through which it works; the objective formation of *Káma-rupa* being performed by the power of *Yoga-balla.*

This "dual-soul," possesses properties peculiar to itself, and as distinctly its own as those of the physical body are peculiar to it. Among these properties are compressibility, the power of passing through the most solid substances, infinite expansibility, and many more that might be enumerated. These are not idle words, but facts derived from the experiences of many yogis, adepts, ascetics, mystics, mediums, etc. of many different classes, times and countries. We may think, therefore, of the capacity of the *Káma-rupa* to become a mere speck or enlarge itself to enormous dimensions; entering a grain of diamond-dust, and the next moment filling every pore of the entire globe: for thought is unparticled and illimitably elastic. And, we could apprehend how, when once in the grain or in the globe, our trained *thought* can act there as it it were our own whole *self.* So, too, we may conceive of the astral body—or *Káma-rupa,* which, although material as compared with pure spirit, is yet immaterial in comparison with the dense physical body—having like properties, and thus come to an understanding of the esoteric (secret) meaning of *Animá* and *Mahimá.*

Whole libraries have been written to define what soul is, and yet for our practical purpose, it will suffice to sum up the definition in a word: man's soul is the aggregate of all the above given subdivisions. This "self," through the *Linga-Deha,* is ever conscious during the sleep of the body, and transfers the sense of this inner consciousness into the waking brain; so that the Yogi may, at will, be informed of what is transpiring in the outer world, through his physical organs, or in the inner world, through his soul perceptions. While average mortals maintain their perceptions only during the day, the initiated Yogi has an equally real, undimmed, and perfect appreciation of his individual existence at night, even while his body sleeps. He can go even further: he can voluntarily

paralyze his vital functions so that his body shall lie like a corpse, the heart still, the lungs collapsed, animal heat transferred to the interior surfaces; the vital machine stopped, as it were, like a clock which waits only the key that re-winds it, to resume its beating. What nature does for the scores of hybernating quadrupeds, reptiles and insects under the spontaneous action of her established laws, the Yogi effects for his physical body by long practice, and the intense concentration of an undaunted will. And what he can do for himself the magnetizer can do for his cataleptic subject, whose body in the state of *ecstasis,* the highest in the range of mesmeric phenomena, presents all the physical appearances of death, including even *rigor mortis*; while the active vitality of the soul is shown in the descriptions given by the ecstatic either of distant events on the earth, or the scenes in which he is taking part in the world of the invisible. The records of a thousand such cases, occurring in every part of the world, combine to show (*a*) that the soul has the capacity of a conscious existence separate from the body; (*b*) that it is limited by neither time nor space, it being able to visit and return in an instant from the farthest localities, and to reach such—the tops of mountains, for instance, or the centres of deserts, or the bottoms of rivers or lakes, as the waking man could either not exist in or could only visit with the most tedious exertions and the greatest precautions; (*c*) that it can penetrate closed rooms, rocky walls, iron chests, or glass cases, and see and handle what is within. All these, if it were particled and unyielding like the physical body, would be impossibilities; and so, seeing what our modern experience has taught us, we can readily comprehend Patanjali's meaning and avoid the absurd conclusions which some of his materialistic and inexperienced com mentators have reached. "Hundreds of times," says Professor Denton, "have I had the evidence that the spirit (meaning 'soul'—the two words are most unhappily, and we fear inextricably confounded—*Ed.*) can smell, hear, and see, and has powers of locomotion." Cicero calls the soul *spiritus* (a breathing), as also does Virgil, and both regard it as a subtile matter which might be termed either *aura* (a breeze), or *ignis* (fire), or *æther.* So that here again we are assisted to the conception that *Anima* applies only to a certain portion of the soul—(*psuché*) and not to the body. And, we thus find that this Siddhi is entirely possible for one who has learnt the manifold faculties of the *inner* man, and knows how to apply and utilize the manifold functions of *Jivatma, ling-sarir,* and the *mayava* and *kama-rupa.* Plutarch makes pretty nearly the same division of the functions of the "Soul." The *ling-sarir* he calls *psuché* (physical entity), and teaches that it never leaves the body but at death; *mayava* and *kama-rupa* answer to his *dæmon,* or spiritual-double, one-half of which is *irrational* and called by him *eïdolon,* and the other *rational* and usually termed "blessed god."

But, while the physical body may not be atomized or magnified illimitably, *its weight may be voluntarily changed without trans-*

cending natural law in the slightest degree. Hundreds, if not thousands, are living in India to-day, who have seen ascetics, while in the state of dháraná, rise from the ground and sit or float in the air without the slightest support. We doubt if a phenomenon seen by so many reputable persons will be seriously denied. Admitting, then, that this levitation does happen, how shall we explain it? That has already been done in "Isis Unveiled," where the author shows that by simply changing the polarity of his body, so as to make the latter similarly electrified to the spot of ground upon which he stands, the ascetic can cause himself to rise perpendicularly into the air. This is no miracle, but a very simple affair of magnetic polarity. The only mystery is as to the means by which these changes of polarity may be effected. This secret the Yogi learns, and Patanjali's name for the Siddhi is *Garima,* which includes *Laghima.* It follows, of course, that he who knows how to polarize his body so as to cause himself to be "light as a flake of cotton" and rise into the air, has only to reverse the process, to make his body abnormally heavy. We stick to the surface of the earth because our bodies are of an opposite polarity to the ground on which we stand. Science explains that we are attracted towards the centre of the earth by gravity, and our weight is the measure of the combined attraction of all the particles of our physical body towards the central point at the earth's centre. But if we double the intensity of that attraction, we become twice as heavy as we were before; if we quadruple it, four times as heavy; centiple it, one hundred times as heavy. In short, by a mere alteration of our polarity, we would be giving our flesh the weight of an equal bulk of stone, iron, lead, mercury, etc. And the Yogi has this secret, or Siddhi, also.

Many Hindus—who admit that their sacred books contain accounts of the phenomena of levitation, that is, of walking or floating in the air—affirm that the power has been lost, and that there are none living who can exhibit it, or even the appearance of it, save through the help of jugglery. This false conclusion is assisted by the tendency of Western education, which but reflects the materialism of modern experimental science—so misnamed, for it is but partly experimental and preponderatingly inferential guess-work. Forgetting that the law of gravitation is, after all, but an incomplete hypothesis which holds its ground for the want of a better one,—our young men say that science has defined the laws of gravity, hence levitation is an absurdity, and our old books teach nonsense. This would be sufficient if the premises were not false. Science has but noted the more familiar phenomena of gravity, and knows nothing whatever of its nature, or its variable manifestations under the impulse of the undiscovered primal force. Open any book on any branch of physical science, and the author, if he have any professional reputation to lose, will be detected in the confession of his ignorance of the ultimate cause of natural phenomena. Superficial readers will be deceived by glittering

generalizations from partially proved data, but the thoughtful student will ever find the empty void at the bottom. Huxley sums it all up in the self-condemnatory sentence, "we"—that is *we* scientists, we men who talk so glibly about ancient superstition and ignorance, and would impress Indian youth with the notion that *we* are the very High Priests of nature, the only competent instructors of her mysteries, the key to which we all carry in our vest pockets—"*we know nothing* about the composition of any body whatever, as it is."

But supposing that not one witness could be found in all our India to-day to prove the fact of levitation, would we have to let the case go by default? By no means; for, to say nothing of the unbroken chain of lay testimony that stretches from the earliest historic period to our times, we can take that of eminent Western physicians who have witnessed such levitations in the cases of patients afflicted with certain nervous diseases;—Professor Perty, of Geneva, and Dr. Kerner, of Wurtemberg, among others. If a phenomenon of such nature takes place in a diseased body, without being regarded as a violation of the "laws of nature," why should it not occur—provided the same conditions, *i. e.*, a reversed polarity, are furnished it—in a body free from disease? This testimony of science secured, we need not hesitate to cull from contemporaneous records the mass of available proof that the bodies of living men can be and are floated through the air. Who shall deny it? Science? No, for we have seen that it is attested by some of the most eminent scientific men of our day; and to these we may add Lord Lindsay, President of the Royal Astronomical Society, and one of the Council of the Royal Society itself. One witness of his stamp is enough, and he is on record (London Dialec. Soc. "*Report,*" p. 215) as saying that he had seen a certain medium not only float through the air of a drawing-room but carry with him the chair upon which he had been sitting and with it "pushing the pictures out of their places as he passed along the walls." They were far beyond the reach of a person standing on the ground. And he adds the highly important fact—"The light was sufficient to enable me to see clearly." This same medium he saw floated horizontally out of the window in one room of a house, in Victoria Street, London, and again at the window of the adjoining room. "I saw him," says Lord Lindsay, "outside the other window (that in the next room) floating in the air. *It was eighty-five feet from the ground.* There was no balcony along the windows, * * * I have no theory to explain these things. I have tried to find out how they are done, but the more I studied them, the more satisfied was I that they could not be explained by mechanical trick. I have had the fullest opportunity for investigation." When such a man gives such testimony, we may well lend an attentive ear to the corroborative evidence which has accumulated at different epochs and in many countries.

The case of the levitated 'medium' of the modern spiritualist, affords us an example of a phase of *Laghima* of which no mention is made in the portion of the *Shrimad Bhagavata* under consideration, but may be found in many other manuscripts. We have seen that a Yogi may reverse his corporeal polarity at pleasure, to make himself light as a cotton flake or heavy as lead; and that he acquires this Siddhi by long self-discipline, and the sub-ordination of the general law of matter to the focalized power of spirit. It has also been affirmed that the cataleptic similitude to death, which in India is called *Samadhi,* may be produced in the mesmerised, or magnetized, subject by the magnetizer. We have the report of the late William Gregory, Professor of Chemistry in Edinburgh University, (*Animal Magnetism; or Mesmerism and its Phenomena,* pp. 154, 155) of one of many experiments, at his own house, by M. Lewis, a famous negro mesmerizer:

"Case 5.—Mr. J. H., a young and healthy man, could be rendered instantly and completely cataleptic by a glance, or a single pass. He could be fixed in any position, however inconvenient, and would remain ten or fifteen minutes in such a posture, that no man in a natural state could have endured it for half a minute. * * * When Mr. L. stood on a chair and tried to draw Mr. H., without contact, from the ground, he gradually rose on tiptoe, making the most violent efforts to rise, till he was fixed by cataleptic rigidity. Mr. Lewis said that, had he been still more elevated above Mr. H., he could have raised him from the floor without contact, and held him thus suspended for a short time, while some spectator should pass his hand under the feet. Although this was not done in my presence, *yet the attraction upwards was so strong that I see no reason to doubt the statement made to me by Mr. Lewis, and by others who saw it that this experiment has been successfully performed. Whatever be the influence which acts, it would seem capable, when very intense, of overpowering the law of gravity.*"

Let us first clearly comprehend the meaning of the word gravity, and then the inference of Professor Gregory will not seem too extravagant after all. In this phase of *Laghima,* observe that the changed polarity of the human body is effected by the magnetiser's will. We have, therefore, one class of cases where the effect is self-produced by the conscious will of the Yogi; another where it occurs involuntarily in the subject as the result of an outside will directed upon him. The third class is illustrated in the example of the floating medium, which Lord Lindsay attests. Here the *æthrobat*—as air-walkers were called by the Greeks—neither practises Yoga Vidya, nor is visibly depolarized by a living magnetiser, and yet his body also rises from the earth, light as a cotton flake or thistle-down. If this happens, where is the cause: for cause there must be, since miracle is an impossibility? Modern Spiritualists, as we are informed, vaguely ascribe the fact to the agency of the disembodied spirits of their dead friends, but have given no sufficient explanation of the method employed. One of their most intelligent writers—Miss Blackwell who won the gold medal of the British N.A.S. for her essay on Spiritualism—attributes it to "jets of currents of magneto-vital force," which sounds vaguely scientific, to say the least. To follow out this branch of the subject

would cause too wide a digression for our present purpose. Suffice it that the medium's body is depolarized, or differently polarized, by some force external to him, which we have no warrant for ascribing to the voluntary action of living spectators.

Another branch of this great subject of Laghima is reserved for our next article. The more it is studied, the more cumulative is the proof that Patanjali was a master of Psychology.

(*To be continued.*)

THE THEOSOPHICAL MOVEMENT*

THERE is a very great difference between the Theosophical Movement and any Theosophical Society. The Movement is moral, ethical, spiritual, universal, invisible save in effect, and continuous. A Society formed for theosophical work is a visible organization, an effect, a machine for conserving energy and putting it to use; it is not nor can it be universal, nor is it continuous. Organized Theosophical bodies are made by men for their better coöperation, but, being mere outer shells, they must change from time to time as human defects come out, as the times change, and as the great underlying spiritual movement compels such alterations.

The Theosophical Movement being continuous, it is to be found in all times and in all nations. Wherever thought has struggled to be free, wherever spiritual ideas, as opposed to forms and dogmatism, have been promulgated, there the great movement is to be discerned. Jacob Boehme's work was a part of it, and so also was the Theosophical Society of over one hundred years ago; Luther's reformation must be reckoned as a portion of it; and the great struggle between Science and Religion, clearly portrayed by Draper, was every bit as much a motion of the Theosophical Movement as is the present Society of that name—indeed that struggle, and the freedom thereby gained for Science, were really as important in the advance of the world, as are our different organizations. And among political examples of the movement is to be counted the Independence of the American colonies, ending in the formation of a great nation, theoretically based on Brotherhood. One can therefore see that to worship an organization, even though it be the beloved theosophical one, is to fall down before Form, and to become the slave once more of that dogmatism which our portion of the Theosophical Movement, the T. S., was meant to overthrow.

Some members have worshipped the so-called "Theosophical Society," thinking it to be all in all, and not properly perceiving its *de facto* and piecemeal character as an organization nor that it

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was likely that this devotion to mere form would lead to a nullification of Brotherhood at the first strain. And this latter, indeed, did occur with several members. They even forgot, and still forget, that H. P. Blavatsky herself declared that it were better to do away with the Society rather than to destroy Brotherhood, and that she herself declared the European part of it free and independent. These worshippers think that there must be a continuance of the old form in order for the Society to have an international character.

But the real unity and prevalence, and the real internationalism, do not consist in having a single organization. They are found in the similarity of aim, of aspiration, of purpose, of teaching, of ethics. Freemasonry—a great and important part of the true Theosophical Movement—is universally international; and yet its organizations are numerous, autonomous, sovereign, independent. The Grand Lodge of the state of New York, including its different Lodges, is independent of all others in any state, yet every member is a Mason and all are working on a single plan. Freemasons over all the world belong to the great International Masonic Body, yet they have everywhere their free and independent government.

When the Theosophical Society was young and small, it was necessary that it should have but one government for the whole of it. But now that it has grown wide and strong, having spread among nations so different from each other as the American, the English, the Spanish, the Swedish and others in Europe, and the Hindû, it is essential that a change in the outward form be made. This is that it become like the Freemasons—independent in government wherever the geographical or national conditions indicate that necessity. And that this will be done in time, no matter what certain persons may say to the contrary, there is not the slightest doubt.

The American Group, being by geographical and other conditions outwardly separate, began the change so as to be in government free and independent, but in basis, aspiration, aim and work united with all true Theosophists.

We have not changed the work of H. P. B.; we have enlarged it. We assert that any person who has been admitted to any Theosophical Society should be received everywhere among Theosophists, just as Masons are received among Masons. It is untheosophical to denounce the change made by the American Group; it is not Theosophy nor conducive to its spread to make legal claims to theosophical names, symbols and seals so as to prevent if possible others from using them. Everyone should be invited to use our theosophical property as freely as he wishes. Those who desire to keep up H. P. B.'s war against dogmatism will applaud and encourage the American movement because their liberated minds permit; but those who do not know true Theosophy, nor see the difference between forms and the soul of things, will continue to worship Form and to sacrifice Brotherhood to a shell.

ANSWERS TO QUESTIONERS*

ARE THERE NEW SOULS? WHY REINCARNATION?

M. E. A. asks: "We all know that the population of the earth is increasing yearly, and that in time this globe will not be able to support its population unless the future inhabitants can get along on air. Does Theosophy teach us that new souls are created? Each one of these future unfortunates must have a soul. Will the PATH please explain?"

Answer. There are some assumptions in this inquiry about which no one has positive information. It is not settled that the population "is increasing yearly." For the apparent increase may be only a more accurate knowledge of the number of inhabitants, following from a more accurate knowledge of the globe on which we live. For instance: we have only lately acquired information of vast quantities of people in Africa previously unheard of.

Nor does it follow that the earth will not be able to support its population in time. A great many well-informed persons think exactly the opposite. Not very long ago several millions of people were destroyed in China, Japan, and elsewhere in a single week; this would leave a good deal of room for a population—in the United States for instance—to expand. Hence the question is narrowed down to the single one—"Does Theosophy teach us that new souls are created?" Mme. Blavatsky answers this in the "Secret Doctrine" by stating that from now until the end of this period of manifestation there will be no new Monads (which will answer to the word "souls" of the questioner), but the old ones will be reincarnated on this globe. If her view is the correct one, then the reincarnations from now onwards will be incarnations of Monads who have been here many times before. That is to say, we will all be worked over many times. This opinion of Mme. Blavatsky's is held by many Theosophists.

"If we started as spirit and therefore perfect, why need we these reincarnations of suffering, only to finally attain what we started with?"

Answer. This is the old question, the old inquiry, "What has the Absolute in view, and why is there anything?" The question contains its own answer, for if we started as "spirit," and therefore "perfect," we must still be and so remain forever perfect. But in the "Upanishads" it is said that "These radiations from the Great All are like sparks from a central fire, which emanate from it and return again for its own purposes." Furthermore, there is nothing more distinctly and frequently taught in Theosophical literature than this, that it is the personal, the illusory, the lower "I," who asks such questions as these, and that the real person within, the spirit, sees no such thing as suffering but rejoices forever in immeasurable bliss. "We" did not start perfect, but imperfect, and "our" progress to union with spirit is the perfection of the lower "we" and "our."

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KARMIC VISIONS*

Oh, sad no more! Oh, sweet *No more!*
  Oh, strange *No more!*
By a mossed brook bank on a stone
I smelt a wild weed-flower alone;
There was a ringing in my ears,
And both my eyes gushed out with tears,
Surely all pleasant things had gone before.
Low buried fathom deep beneath with thee, No More!

TENNYSON ("The Gem," 1831).

I.

A CAMP filled with war-chariots, neighing horses and legions of long-haired soldiers. . . .

A regal tent, gaudy in its barbaric splendour. Its linen walls are weighed down under the burden of arms. In its centre a raised seat covered with skins, and on it a stalwart, savage-looking warrior. He passes in review prisoners of war brought in turn before him, who are disposed of according to the whim of the heartless despot.

A new captive is now before him, and is addressing him with passionate earnestness. . . . As he listens to her with suppressed passion in his manly, but fierce, cruel face, the balls of his eyes become bloodshot and roll with fury. And as he bends forward with fierce stare, his whole appearance—his matted locks hanging over the frowning brow, his big-boned body with strong sinews, and the two large hands resting on the shield placed upon the right knee—justifies the remark made in hardly audible whisper by a grey-headed soldier to his neighbour:

"Little mercy shall the holy prophetess receive at the hands of Clovis!"

The captive, who stands between two Burgundian warriors, facing the ex-prince of the Salians, now king of all the Franks, is an old woman with silver-white dishevelled hair, hanging over her skeleton-like shoulders. In spite of her great age, her tall figure is erect; and the inspired black eyes look proudly and fearlessly into the cruel face of the treacherous son of Gilderich.

"Aye, King," she says, in a loud, ringing voice. "Aye, thou art great and mighty now, but thy days are numbered, and thou shalt reign but three summers longer. Wicked thou wert born . . . perfidious thou art to thy friends and allies, robbing more than one of his lawful crown. Murderer of thy next-of-kin, thou who addest to the knife and spear in open warfare, dagger, poison, and treason, beware how thou dealest with the servant of Nerthus!"[1] . . .

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*This article was first printed by H. P. Blavatsky in *Lucifer* for June, 1888.

[1] "The Nourishing" (Tacit Germ XI.)—the Earth, a Mother-Goddess, the most beneficent deity of the ancient Germans.

"Ha, ha, ha! . . . old hag of Hell!" chuckles the King, with an evil, ominous sneer. "Thou hast crawled out of the entrails of thy mother-goddess, truly. Thou fearest not my wrath? It is well. But little need I fear thine empty imprecations. . . . I, a baptized Christian!"

"So, so," replies the Sybil. "All know that Clovis has abandoned the gods of his fathers; that he has lost all faith in the warning voice of the white horse of the Sun, and that out of fear of the Allimani he went serving on his knees Remigius, the servant of the Nazarene, at Rheims. But hast thou become any truer in thy new faith? Hast thou not murdered in cold blood all thy brethren who trusted in thee, after, as well as before, thy apostasy? Hast not thou plighted troth to Alaric, the King of the West Goths, and hast thou not killed him by stealth, running thy spear into his back while he was bravely fighting an enemy? And is it thy new faith and thy new gods that teach thee to be devising in thy black soul even now foul means against Theodoric, who put thee down? . . . Beware, Clovis, beware! For now the gods of thy fathers have risen against thee! Beware, I say, for . . ."

"Woman!" fiercely cries the King—"Woman, cease thy insane talk and answer my question. Where is the treasure of the grove amassed by thy priests of Satan, and hidden after they had been driven away by the Holy Cross? . . . Thou alone knowest. Answer, or by Heaven and Hell I shall thrust thy evil tongue down thy throat for ever!" . . .

She heeds not the threat, but goes on calmly and fearlessly as before, as if she had not heard.

" . . . The gods say, Clovis, thou art accursed! . . . Clovis, thou shalt be reborn among thy present enemies, and suffer the tortures thou hast inflicted upon thy victims. All the combined power and glory thou hast deprived them of shall be thine in prospect, yet thou shalt never reach it! . . .Thou shalt . . ."

The prophetess never finishes her sentence.

With a terrible oath the King, crouching like a wild beast on his skin-covered seat, pounces upon her with the leap of a jaguar, and with one blow fells her to the ground. And as he lifts his sharp murderous spear the "Holy One" of the Sun-worshipping tribe makes the air ring with a last imprecation.

"I curse thee, enemy of Nerthus! May my agony be tenfold thine! . . . May the Great Law avenge. . . ."

The heavy spear falls, and, running through the victim's throat, nails the head to the ground. A stream of hot crimson blood gushes from the gaping wound and covers king and soldiers with indelible gore. . . .

II.

Time—the landmark of gods and men in the boundless field of Eternity, the murderer of its offspring and of memory in man-

kind—time moves on with noiseless, incessant step through æons and ages. . . . Among millions of other Souls, a Soul-Ego is reborn: for weal or for woe, who knoweth! Captive in its new human Form, it grows with it, and together they become, at last, conscious of their existence.

Happy are the years of their blooming youth, unclouded with want or sorrow. Neither knows aught of the Past nor of the Future. For them all is the joyful Present: for the Soul-Ego is unaware that it had ever lived in other human tabernacles, it knows not that it shall be again reborn, and it takes no thought of the morrow.

Its Form is calm and content. It has hitherto given its Soul-Ego no heavy troubles. Its happiness is due to the continuous mild serenity of its temper, to the affection it spreads wherever it goes. For it is a noble Form, and its heart is full of benevolence. Never has the Form startled its Soul-Ego with a too-violent shock, or otherwise disturbed the calm placidity of its tenant.

Two score of years glide by like one short pilgrimage; a long walk through the sun-lit paths of life, hedged by ever-blooming roses with no thorns. The rare sorrows that befall the twin pair, Form and Soul, appear to them rather like the pale light of the cold northern moon, whose beams throw into a deeper shadow all around the moon-lit objects, than as the blackness of night, the night of hopeless sorrow and despair.

Son of a Prince, born to rule himself one day his father's kingdom; surrounded from his cradle by reverence and honours; deserving of the universal respect and sure of the love of all—what could the Soul-Ego desire more for the Form it dwelt in.

And so the Soul-Ego goes on enjoying existence in its tower of strength, gazing quietly at the panorama of life ever changing before its two windows—the two kind blue eyes of a loving and good man.

III.

One day an arrogant and boisterous enemy threatens the father's kingdom, and the savage instincts of the warrior of old awaken in the Soul-Ego. It leaves its dream-land amid the blossoms of life and causes its Ego of clay to draw the soldier's blade, assuring him it is in defence of his country.

Prompting each other to action, they defeat the enemy and cover themselves with glory and pride. They make the haughty foe bite the dust at their feet in supreme humiliation. For this they are crowned by history with the unfading laurels of valour, which are those of success. They make a footstool of the fallen enemy and transform their sire's little kingdom into a great empire. Satisfied they could achieve no more for the present, they return to seclusion and to the dreamland of their sweet home.

For three lustra more the Soul-Ego sits at its usual post, beaming out of its windows on the world around. Over its head the sky is blue and the vast horizons are covered with those seemingly unfading flowers that grow in the sunlight of health and strength. All looks fair as a verdant mead in spring. . . . . .

IV.

But an evil day comes to all in the drama of being. It waits through the life of king and of beggar. It leaves traces on the history of every mortal born from woman, and it can neither be scared away, entreated, nor propitiated. Health is a dewdrop that falls from the heavens to vivify the blossoms on earth only during the morn of life, its spring and summer. . . . It has but a short duration and returns from whence it came—the invisible realms.

> "How oft 'neath the bud that is brightest and fairest,
> The seeds of the canker in embryo lurk!
> How oft at the root of the flower that is rarest—
> Secure in its ambush the worm is at work. . . ."

The running sand which moves downward in the glass, wherein the hours of human life are numbered, runs swifter. The worm has gnawed the blossom of health through its heart. The strong body is found stretched one day on the thorny bed of pain.

The Soul-Ego beams no longer. It sits still and looks sadly out of what has become its dungeon windows, on the world which is now rapidly being shrouded for it in the funeral palls of suffering. Is it the eve of night eternal which is nearing?

V.

Beautiful are the resorts on the midland sea. An endless line of surf-beaten, black, rugged rocks stretches, hemmed in between the golden sands of the coast and the deep blue waters of the gulf. They offer their granite breast to the fierce blows of the north-west wind and thus protect the dwellings of the rich that nestle at their foot on the inland side. The half-ruined cottages on the open shore are the insufficient shelter of the poor. Their squalid bodies are often crushed under the walls torn and washed down by wind and angry wave. But they only follow the great law of the survival of the fittest. Why should *they* be protected?

Lovely is the morning when the sun dawns with golden amber tints and its first rays kiss the cliffs of the beautiful shore. Glad is the song of the lark, as, emerging from its warm nest of herbs, it drinks the morning dew from the deep flower-cups; when the tip of the rosebud thrills under the caress of the first sunbeam, and earth and heaven smile in mutual greeting. Sad is the Soul-Ego alone as it gazes on awakening nature from the high couch opposite the large bay-window.

How calm is the approaching noon as the shadow creeps steadily on the sundial towards the hour of rest! Now the hot sun begins

to melt the clouds in the limpid air and the last shreds of the morning mist that lingers on the tops of the distant hills vanish in it. All nature is prepared to rest at the hot and lazy hour of midday. The feathered tribes cease their song; their soft, gaudy wings droop, and they hang their drowsy heads, seeking refuge from the burning heat. A morning lark is busy nestling in the bordering bushes under the clustering flowers of the pomegranate and the sweet bay of the Mediterranean. The active songster has become voiceless.

"Its voice will resound as joyfully again to-morrow!" sighs the Soul-Ego, as it listens to the dying buzzing of the insects on the verdant turf. "Shall ever mine?"

And now the flower-scented breeze hardly stirs the languid heads of the luxuriant plants. A solitary palm-tree, growing out of the cleft of a moss-covered rock, next catches the eye of the Soul-Ego. Its once upright, cylindrical trunk has been twisted out of shape and half-broken by the nightly blasts of the north-west winds. And as it stretches wearily its drooping feathery arms, swayed to and fro in the blue pellucid air, its body trembles and threatens to break in two at the first new gust that may arise.

"And then, the severed part will fall into the sea, and the once stately palm will be no more," soliloquises the Soul-Ego as it gazes sadly out of its windows.

Everything returns to life in the cool, old bower at the hour of sunset. The shadows on the sun-dial become with every moment thicker, and animate nature awakens busier than ever in the cooler hours of approaching night. Birds and insects chirrup and buzz their last evening hymns around the tall and still powerful Form, as it paces slowly and wearily along the gravel walk. And now its heavy gaze falls wistfully on the azure bosom of the tranquil sea. The gulf sparkles like a gem-studded carpet of blue-velvet in the farewell dancing sunbeams, and smiles like a thoughtless, drowsy child, weary of tossing about. Further on, calm and serene in its perfidious beauty, the open sea stretches far and wide the smooth mirror of its cool waters—salt and bitter as human tears. It lies in its treacherous repose like a gorgeous, sleeping monster, watching over the unfathomed mystery of its dark abysses. Truly the monumentless cemetery of the millions sunk in its depths. . . .

> "Without a grave,
> Unknell'd, uncoffined and unknown. . . ."

while the sorry relic of the once noble Form pacing yonder, once that its hour strikes and the deep-voiced bells toll the knell for the departed soul, shall be laid out in state and pomp. Its dissolution will be announced by millions of trumpet voices. Kings, princes and the mighty ones of the earth will be present at its obsequies, or will send their representatives with sorrowful faces and condoling messages to those left behind. . . .

"One point gained, over those 'uncoffined and unknown,'" is the bitter reflection of the Soul-Ego.

Thus glides past one day after the other; and as swift-winged Time urges his flight, every vanishing hour destroying some thread in the tissue of life, the Soul-Ego is gradually transformed in its views of things and men. Flitting between two eternities, far away from its birth-place, solitary among its crowd of physicians, and attendants, the Form is drawn with every day nearer to its Spirit-Soul. Another light unapproached and unapproachable in days of joy, softly descends upon the weary prisoner. It sees now that which it had never perceived before. . . .

VI.

How grand, how mysterious are the spring nights on the sea-shore when the winds are chained and the elements lulled! A solemn silence reigns in nature. Alone the silvery, scarcely audible ripple of the wave, as it runs caressingly over the moist sand, kissing shells and pebbles on its up and down journey, reaches the ear like the regular soft breathing of a sleeping bosom. How small, how insignificant and helpless feels man, during these quiet hours, as he stands between the two gigantic magnitudes, the star-hung dome above, and the slumbering earth below. Heaven and earth are plunged in sleep, but their souls are awake, and they confabulate, whispering one to the other mysteries unspeakable. It is then that the occult side of Nature lifts her dark veils for us, and reveals secrets we would vainly seek to extort from her during the day. The firmament, so distant, so far away from earth, now seems to approach and bend over her. The sidereal meadows exchange embraces with their more humble sisters of the earth—the daisy-decked valleys and the green slumbering fields. The heavenly dome falls prostrate into the arms of the great quiet sea; and the millions of stars that stud the former peep into and bathe in every lakelet and pool. To the grief-furrowed soul those twinkling orbs are the eyes of angels. They look down with ineffable pity on the suffering of mankind. It is not the night dew that falls on the sleeping flowers, but sympathetic tears that drop from those orbs, at the sight of the Great HUMAN SORROW. . . .

Yes; sweet and beautiful is a southern night. But—

"When silently we watch the bed, by the taper's flickering light,
When all we love is fading fast—how terrible is night. . . ."

VII.

Another day is added to the series of buried days. The far green hills, and the fragrant boughs of the pomegranate blossom have melted in the mellow shadows of the night, and both sorrow and joy are plunged in the lethargy of soul-resting sleep. Every noise has died out in the royal gardens, and no voice or sound is heard in that over-powering stillness.

Swift-winged dreams descend from the laughing stars in motley crowds, and landing upon the earth disperse among mortals and

immortals, amid animals and men. They hover over the sleepers, each attracted by its affinity and kind; dreams of joy and hope, balmy and innocent visions, terrible and awesome sights seen with sealed eyes, sensed by the soul; some instilling happiness and consolation, others causing sobs to heave the sleeping bosom, tears and mental torture, all and one preparing unconsciously to the sleepers their waking thoughts of the morrow.

Even in sleep the Soul-Ego finds no rest.

Hot and feverish its body tosses about in restless agony. For it, the time of happy dreams is now a vanished shadow, a long bygone recollection. Through the mental agony of the soul, there lies a transformed man. Through the physical agony of the frame, there flutters in it a fully awakened Soul. The veil of illusion has fallen off from the cold idols of the world, and the vanities and emptiness of fame and wealth stand bare, often hideous, before its eyes. The thoughts of the Soul fall like dark shadows on the cogitative faculties of the fast disorganizing body, haunting the thinker daily, nightly, hourly. . . . . .

The sight of his snorting steed pleases him no longer. The recollections of guns and banners wrested from the enemy; of cities razed, of trenches, cannons and tents, of an array of conquered spoils now stirs but little his national pride. Such thoughts move him no more, and ambition has become powerless to awaken in his aching heart the haughty recognition of any valourous deed of chivalry. Visions of another kind now haunt his weary days and long sleepless nights. . . .

What he now sees is a throng of bayonets clashing against each other in a mist of smoke and blood; thousands of mangled corpses covering the ground, torn and cut to shreds by the murderous weapons devised by science and civilization, blessed to success by the servants of his God. What he now dreams of are bleeding, wounded and dying men, with missing limbs and matted locks, wet and soaked through with gore. . . . .

VIII.

A hideous dream detaches itself from a group of passing visions, and alights heavily on his aching chest. The night-mare shows him men, expiring on the battle field with a curse on those who led them to their destruction. Every pang in his own wasting body brings to him in dream the recollection of pangs still worse, of pangs suffered through and for him. He sees and *feels* the torture of the fallen millions, who die after long hours of terrible mental and physical agony; who expire in forest and plain, in stagnant ditches by the road-side, in pools of blood under a sky made black with smoke. His eyes are once more rivetted to the torrents of blood, every drop of which represents a tear of despair, a heart-rent cry, a life-long sorrow. He hears again the thrilling sighs of desolation, and the shrill cries ringing through mount, forest and valley. He sees the old mothers who have lost the light of their

souls; families, the hand that fed them. He beholds widowed young wives thrown on the wide, cold world, and beggared orphans wailing in the streets by the thousands. He finds the young daughters of his bravest old soldiers exchanging their mourning garments for the gaudy frippery of prostitution, and the Soul-Ego shudders in the sleeping Form. . . . His heart is rent by the groans of the famished; his eyes blinded by the smoke of burning hamlets, of homes destroyed, of towns and cities in smouldering ruins. . . .

And in his terrible dream, he remembers that moment of insanity in his soldier's life, when standing over a heap of the dead and the dying, waving in his right hand a naked sword red to its hilt with smoking blood, and in his left, the colours rent from the hand of the warrior expiring at his feet, he had sent in a stentorian voice praises to the throne of the Almighty, thanksgiving for the victory just obtained! . . .

He starts in his sleep and awakes in horror. A great shudder shakes his frame like an aspen leaf, and sinking back on his pillows, sick at the recollection, he hears a voice—the voice of the Soul-Ego—saying in him:—

"Fame and victory are vainglorious words. . . . Thanksgiving and prayers for lives destroyed—wicked lies and blasphemy!" . . .

"What have they brought thee or to thy fatherland, those bloody victories!" . . . . . whispers the Soul in him. "A population clad in iron armour," it replies. "Two score millions of men dead now to all spiritual aspiration and Soul-life. A people, henceforth deaf to the peaceful voice of the honest citizen's duty, averse to a life of peace, blind to the arts and literature, indifferent to all but lucre and ambition. What is thy future Kingdom, now? A legion of war-puppets as units, a great wild beast in their collectivity. A beast that, like the sea yonder, slumbers gloomily now, but to fall with the more fury on the first enemy that is indicated to it. Indicated, by whom? It is as though a heartless, proud Fiend, assuming sudden authority, incarnate Ambition and Power, had clutched with iron hand the minds of a whole country. By what wicked enchantment has he brought the people back to those primeval days of the nation when their ancestors, the yellow-haired Suevi, and the treacherous Franks roamed about in their warlike spirit, thirsting to kill, to decimate and subject each other. By what infernal powers has this been accomplished? Yet the transformation has been produced and it is as undeniable as the fact that alone the Fiend rejoices and boasts of the transformation effected. The whole world is hushed in breathless expectation. Not a wife or mother, but is haunted in her dreams by the black and ominous storm-cloud that overhangs the whole of Europe. The cloud is approaching. . . . . It comes nearer and nearer. . . . . Oh woe and horror! . . . I foresee once more for earth the suffering I have already witnessed. I read

the fatal destiny upon the brow of the flower of Europe's youth! But if I live and have the power, never, oh never shall my country take part in it again! No, no, I will not see—

> 'The glutton death gorged with devouring lives. . . .'

"I will not hear—

> '. . . . . robb'd mothers' shrieks
> While from men's piteous wounds and horrid gashes
> The lab'ring life flows faster than the blood!' . . ."

IX.

Firmer and firmer grows in the Soul-Ego the feeling of intense hatred for the terrible butchery called war; deeper and deeper does it impress its thoughts upon the Form that holds it captive. Hope awakens at times in the aching breast and colours the long hours of solitude and meditation; like the morning ray that dispels the dusky shades of shadowy despondency, it lightens the long hours of lonely thought. But as the rainbow is not always the dispeller of the storm-clouds but often only a refraction of the setting sun on a passing cloud, so the moments of dreamy hope are generally followed by hours of still blacker despair. Why, oh why, thou mocking Nemesis, hast thou thus purified and enlightened, among all the sovereigns on this earth, him, whom thou hast made helpless, speechless and powerless? Why hast thou kindled the flame of holy brotherly love for man in the breast of one whose heart already feels the approach of the icy hand of death and decay, whose strength is steadily deserting him and whose very life is melting away like foam on the crest of a breaking wave?

And now the hand of Fate is upon the couch of pain. The hour for the fulfilment of nature's law has struck at last. The old Sire is no more; the younger man is henceforth a monarch. Voiceless and helpless, he is nevertheless a potentate, the autocratic master of millions of subjects. Cruel Fate has erected a throne for him over an open grave, and beckons him to glory and to power. Devoured by suffering, he finds himself suddenly crowned. The wasted Form is snatched from its warm nest amid the palm groves and the roses; it is whirled from balmy south to the frozen north, where waters harden into crystal groves and "waves on waves in solid mountains rise;" whither he now speeds to reign and—speeds to die.

X.

Onward, onward rushes the black, fire-vomiting monster, devised by man to partially conquer Space and Time. Onward, and further with every moment from the health-giving, balmy South flies the train. Like the Dragon of the Fiery Head, it devours distance and leaves behind it a long trail of smoke, sparks and stench. And as its long, tortuous, flexible body, wriggling and hissing like a gigantic dark reptile, glides swiftly, crossing mountain and moor, forest, tunnel and plain, its swinging monotonous motion lulls the worn-out occupant, the weary and heartsore Form, to sleep. . . .

In the moving palace the air is warm and balmy. The luxurious vehicle is full of exotic plants; and from a large cluster of sweet-smelling flowers arises together with its scent the fairy Queen of dreams, followed by her band of joyous elves. The Dryads laugh in their leafy bowers as the train glides by, and send floating upon the breeze dreams of green solitudes and fairy visions. The rumbling noise of wheels is gradually transformed into the roar of a distant waterfall, to subside into the silvery trills of a crystalline brook. The Soul-Ego takes it flight into Dreamland. . . . .

It travels through æons of time, and lives, and feels, and breathes under the most contrasted forms and personages. It is now a giant, a Yotun, who rushes into Muspelheim, where Surtur rules with his flaming sword.

It battles fearlessly against a host of monstrous animals, and puts them to flight with a single wave of its mighty hand. Then it sees itself in the Northern Mistworld, it penetrates under the guise of a brave bowman into Helheim, the Kingdom of the Dead, where a Black-Elf reveals to him a series of its lives and their mysterious concatenation. "Why does man suffer?" enquires the Soul-Ego. "Because he would become one," is the mocking answer. Forthwith, the Soul-Ego stands in the presence of the holy goddess, Saga. She sings to it of the valorous deeds of the Germanic heroes, of their virtues and their vices. She shows the soul the mighty warriors fallen by the hands of many of its past Forms, on battlefield, as also in the sacred security of home. It sees itself under the personages of maidens, and of women, of young and old men, and of children. . . . It feels itself dying more than once in those forms. It expires as a hero-Spirit, and is led by the pitying Walkyries from the bloody battlefield back to the abode of Bliss under the shining foliage of Walhalla. It heaves its last sigh in another form, and is hurled on to the cold, hopeless plane of remorse. It closes its innocent eyes in its last sleep, as an infant, and is forthwith carried along by the beauteous Elves of Light into another body—the doomed generator of Pain and Suffering. In each case the mists of death are dispersed, and pass from the eyes of the Soul-Ego, no sooner does it cross the Black Abyss that separates the Kingdom of the Living from the Realm of the Dead. Thus "Death" becomes but a meaningless word for it, a vain sound. In every instance the beliefs of the Mortal take objective life and shape for the Immortal, as soon as it spans the Bridge. Then they begin to fade, and disappear. . . . .

"What is my Past?" enquires the Soul-Ego of Urd, the eldest of the Norn sisters. "Why do I suffer?"

A long parchment is unrolled in her hand, and reveals a long series of mortal beings, in each of whom the Soul-Ego recognises one of its dwellings. When it comes to the last but one, it sees a blood-stained hand doing endless deeds of cruelty and treachery, and it shudders. . . . . Guileless victims arise around it, and cry to Orlog for vengeance.

"What is my immediate Present?" asks the dismayed Soul of Werdandi, the second sister.

"The decree of Orlog is on thyself!" is the answer. "But Orlog does not pronounce them blindly, as foolish mortals have it."

"What is my Future?" asks despairingly of Skuld, the third Norn Sister, the Soul-Ego. "Is it to be for ever dark with tears, and bereaved of Hope?" . . .

No answer is received. But the Dreamer feels whirled through space, and suddenly the scene changes. The Soul-Ego finds itself on a, to it, long familiar spot, the royal bower, and the seat opposite the broken palm-tree. Before it stretches, as formerly, the vast blue expanse of waters, glassing the rocks and cliffs; there, too, is the lonely palm, doomed to quick disappearance. The soft mellow voice of the incessant ripple of the light waves now assumes human speech, and reminds the Soul-Ego of the vows formed more than once on that spot. And the Dreamer repeats with enthusiasm the words pronounced before.

"Never, oh, never shall I, henceforth, sacrifice for vainglorious fame or ambition a single son of my motherland! Our world is so full of unavoidable misery, so poor with joys and bliss, and shall I add to its cup of bitterness the fathomless ocean of woe and blood, called WAR? Avaunt, such thought! . . . Oh, never more. . . ."

XI.

Strange sight and change. . . . The broken palm which stands before the mental sight of the Soul-Ego suddenly lifts up its drooping trunk and becomes erect and verdant as before. Still greater bliss, the Soul-Ego finds *himself* as strong and as healthy as he ever was. In a stentorian voice he sings to the four winds a loud and a joyous song. He feels a wave of joy and bliss in him, and seems to know why he is happy.

He is suddenly transported into what looks a fairy-like Hall, lit with most glowing lights and built of materials, the like of which he had never seen before. He perceives the heirs and descendants of all the monarchs of the globe gathered in that Hall in one happy family. They wear no longer the insignia of royalty, but, *as he seems to know*, those who are the reigning Princes, reign by virtue of their personal merits. It is the greatness of heart, the nobility of character, their superior qualities of observation, wisdom, love of Truth and Justice, that have raised them to the dignity of heirs to the Thrones, of Kings and Queens. The crowns, by authority and the grace of God, have been thrown off, and they now rule by "the grace of divine humanity," chosen unanimously by recognition of their fitness to rule, and the reverential love of their voluntary subjects.

All around seems strangely changed. Ambition, grasping greediness or envy—miscalled *Patriotism*—exist no longer. Cruel selfishness has made room for just altruism, and cold indifference

to the wants of the millions no longer finds favour in the sight of the favoured few. Useless luxury, sham pretences—social and religious—all has disappeared. No more wars are possible, for the armies are abolished. Soldiers have turned into diligent, hard-working tillers of the ground, and the whole globe echoes his song in rapturous joy. Kingdoms and countries around him live like brothers. The great, the glorious hour has come at last! That which he hardly dared to hope and think about in the stillness of his long, suffering nights, is now realized. The great curse is taken off, and the world stands absolved and redeemed in its regeneration! . . .

Trembling with rapturous feelings, his heart overflowing with love and philanthropy, he rises to pour out a fiery speech that would become historic, when suddenly he finds his body gone, or, rather, it is replaced by another body. . . . Yes, it is no longer the tall, noble Form with which he is familiar, but the body of somebody else, of whom he as yet knows nothing. . . . . Something dark comes between him and a great dazzling light, and he sees the shadow of the face of a gigantic timepiece on the ethereal waves. On its ominous dial he reads:

"NEW ERA: 970,995 YEARS SINCE THE INSTANTANEOUS DESTRUCTION BY PNEUMO-DYNO-VRIL OF THE LAST 2,000,000 OF SOLDIERS IN THE FIELD, ON THE WESTERN PORTION OF THE GLOBE. 971,000 SOLAR YEARS SINCE THE SUBMERSION OF THE EUROPEAN CONTINENTS AND ISLES. SUCH ARE THE DECREE OF ORLOG AND THE ANSWER OF SKULD. . . ."

He makes a strong effort and—is himself again. Prompted by the Soul-Ego to REMEMBER and ACT in conformity, he lifts his arms to Heaven and swears in the face of all nature to preserve peace to the end of his days—in his own country, at least.

. . . . . .

A distant beating of drums and long cries of what he fancies in his dream are the rapturous thanksgivings, for the pledge just taken. An abrupt shock, loud clatter, and, as the eyes open, the Soul-Ego looks out through them in amazement. The heavy gaze meets the respectful and solemn face of the physician offering the usual draught. The train stops. He rises from his couch weaker and wearier than ever, to see around him endless lines of troops armed with a new and yet more murderous weapon of destruction—ready for the battlefield.

SANJNA.

CORRESPONDENCE*

DEAR PATH:—Can you explain these?

1. A young lady practising on the piano a new and difficult piece felt a voice say "Stop! play no more." She paid no attention, but soon her arms

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felt heavy as lead. Persisting she spoke, "I will learn this," when a mighty crash as upon the outside of the house alarmed her, but no cause for it could be discovered. Returning she began again, when the window was violently shaken as if by unseen hands Her nephew, a musician, had died a short time before this.

ANSWER.—If it be admitted that the noises were not produced quite naturally, then it is probable they were psychical. Such loud noises may be internal or psychic and only heard by the subject. The symptom of heaviness of arms indicates that she is mediumistic to a slight degree, or was at the time. Had she persisted and not given up, quite likely nothing more would have happened,—but she desisted and left thus a mental deposit for a repetition. If she were then mediumistic, it is probable that through elementals and the innumerable means for causing the production of such physical effects the noises resulted. Almost each such case is *sui generis,* and needs not only careful diagnosis but an equally careful record of the circumstances at the time.

2. An aunt—a Spiritualist—of a young girl promised to return after death. One day the girl was intently studying arithmetic when a cold shiver ran over her, and looking up she saw form on the mirror a mist that soon took shape as the aunt who had died. Her shoulders were roughly shaken, and as the shape disappeared the aunt's voice was heard singing a favorite hymn.

ANSWER.—Mere "spooks" and elementals aided by tendencies left in the family aura by the spiritualistic aunt. The rude shaking of the shoulders while a favorite hymn was sung was not gentle nor consistent, but strangely like the pranks played by elementals. There must have been on the girl's part some favoring predisposition of a psychic nature, and that, operating during the intent state of her mind while studying the lesson, tended to bring about those conditions which permitted the life-desire of the aunt for reappearance after death to be used by nature's forces and produced the misty picture on the mirror. We do not believe the aunt knew anything about the matter. Her intentions and desires in life were enough as soon as the conditions favored, and the producing of a picture together with the favorite hymn were only tricks of the astral light. But the shaking of the shoulder was done by an elemental. Could you open your ears and eyes to what goes on in the astral light, you would hear all the hymns ever sung still resounding, and see all the acts ever done being reënacted. Given the photographic plate, the object, the sun, and the chemicals, and you will produce the picture, but never apply the chemicals and there will be no picture; and it is obvious that no intelligence on the part of plate or chemicals is needed to produce the well-known result. It is much the same on the occult side of things.

ON THE LOOKOUT

Among the writers of "occult" stories it is easy to discriminate between those who know and those who do not. During the last few years such stories have been quite numerous, but for the most part they have been deplorably poor stuff. Their authors are usually satisfied with a little psychism of an ugly and sickly kind. A ghost, a fulfilled dream, and a dash of telepathy, are considered a full equipment of the "occult," but even here there are no evidences that the writer knows what he is talking about or that he has done more than languidly turn the pages of some Psychical Research report in quest of his material. Nowhere do we find the bold plunge into deep water of Bulwer Lytton or Marion Crawford.

And now we have two more "occult" novels. One of them, "The Brocklebank Riddle," by Hubert Wales (Century Company), talks learnedly about Theosophy, although it is not a brand of Theosophy that any real student would like to be associated with. Brocklebank, a London business man, attempts the ascent of Mount Blanc with his wife and partner. He dies under the strain of the climb, his body is taken to Geneva, and is there cremated in the presence of his partner, Reece. But when Reece returns to London he is stupefied at the sigh of Brocklebank working at his desk as usual, and professing entire ignorance of the tragic events in which he was so intimately involved.

There is no need to sketch the solution of the problem, but it may be said to include a weird and rather horrible "Theosophist" who has acquired the power to leave his body at will and to personate other persons—powers well known to be possessed by all Theosophists who can lay any claim to orthodoxy. The story deserves praise for its ingenuity and literary merits, but we may none the less deplore the gratuitous association of the uncanny and the repellant with a philosophy which is neither the one nor the other.

The second story is entitled "Athalie," and its author is Robert W. Chambers (Appletons). Athalie, the heroine, is psychic from her birth, but she learns discreetly to hide her abnormal vision from her playmates. But her mother is uneasily aware of it, and questions her. For example:—

> "Did you know that Mrs. Allen had died when you—thought you saw her?"
>
> "I did see her."
>
> "Yes. . . . Did you know she had died?"
>
> "Not until I saw her."
>
> "Did you know it then?"
>
> "Yes."
>
> "How?"
>
> "I don't know how I knew it. I seemed to know it."
>
> "Did you know she had been ill?"
>
> "No, mamma."
>
> "Did it in any way frighten you—make you uneasy when you saw her standing there?"
>
> "Why, no," said Athalie, surprised.
>
> "Not even when you knew she was dead?"
>
> "No. Why should it? Why should I be afraid?"

Athalie can see nothing remarkable in her peculiar vision, and indeed she asks the very sensible question: "What is there to be surprised at if

sometimes I see things inside my mind? They are just as real as when I see them outside. They are no different."

The story is quite a long one and intensely readable. Mr. Chambers never rises above the level of the psychic, but it may be said to his credit that he is neither extravagant nor morbid. While most stories of this kind have a strong element of the objectionable, Mr. Chambers is always restrained and dignified, and he seems moreover to write with a certain serious purpose. If he would now take the trouble to acquaint himself with the outline of a genuine Occultism we might expect from him something of real worth and merit. At present he is only interesting.

We are all familiar with the scientific dogma that as soon as we have ascertained the age of some prehistoric race we may then make positive inferences as to its development and evolution. Humanity, we are told, has progressed in a fairly straight line from barbarism to civilization, and the further back we go the more pronounced is the barbarism. Of course there have been many facts that have proved themselves hostile to the theory, but we all know the usual untimely fate of the fact that is so ill-advised as to oppose a dogma.

But now comes Dr. Hector Alliot of the Los Angeles Society of the Archaeological Institute of America with the results of his enquiry into the remains of a people who once inhabited the islands of the Santa Barbara Channel. Dr. Alliot tells us that these people must have been of a high artistic and intellectual development if we may judge from their instruments, weapons, and statuary. The skeletons are from five to six feet in length, and their skulls large and well formed. The bodies were buried with the knees under the chin, and enclosed in decorated baskets, and nearly all the implements found had been coated with asphaltum and ornamented with abalone shells.

H. P. Blavatsky states definitely and in many places that barbarism and civilization have always been co-existent, just as they are today, and it need hardly be said that her statements were received with the usual smile of superior knowledge. Now comes Dr. Alliot with the latest discovered evidence that she was right and that her critics were wrong. In "Isis Unveiled" (Vol. I, p. 4) H. P. Blavatsky says:

> Does the finding of the remains in the cave of Devon prove that there were no contemporary races then who were highly civilized? When the present population of the Earth disappears and some Archaeologist belonging to the "coming race" of the distant future shall excavate the domestic implements of one of the Indian or Andaman Island tribes, will he be justified in concluding that mankind in the nineteenth century was "just emerging from the Stone Age?"

And again in the "Secret Doctrine" (Vol. 2, p. 763) the author, speaking of the implements of the Palaeolithic and Neolithic ages, says:

> There were rude savages and highly civilized people then, as there are now. If 50,000 years hence, pigmy Bushmen are exhumed from some African cavern, together with far earlier pigmy elephants, such as were found in the cave deposits of Malta by Milne Edwards, will that be a reason for maintaining that in our age all men and all elephants were pigmies? Or if the weapons of the Veddhas of Ceylon are found, will our descendants be justified in setting us all down as Palaeolithic savages?

It was said that the old alchemists had been vindicated when Sir William Ramsay performed something very much like the transmutation of metals.

We may doubt if the best of the old alchemists were very much concerned with the metals at all, and whether their chemistry was not the convenient cloak for a spiritual Occultism that it would have been hardly wise to avow at a time when the church had not lost its now sorely regretted power to persecute. But however that may be, we now have a book by H. Stanley Redgrove, B. Sc., F. C. S., intended to show that the alchemists may have been aware of some of those laws of nature that we suppose ourselves recently to have discovered, and that their "dreams" may have had a basis of sound scientific knowledge.

Certainly we cannot now afford to laugh at the transmutation of metals, with the new atomic and electronic theories before our eyes. If the atoms of the various elements differ from one another only by the varying numbers of electrons that they contain then it becomes at once possible, if only theoretically so, to control the ever moving electrons and to compel them to take up atomic homes other than those in which we find them. The radium atoms lose their electrons in unceasing procession before our eyes, radium apparently being constitutionally unable to keep its electrons at home. But the same process is going on everywhere. If the hydrogen atom loses one of its hundred electrons it is obvious that it is no longer a hydrogen atom, but is on its way to become an atom of something else. And if the lost electron then joins some other atomic family it is evident that the accession must change the nature of that atom also. It is by the constant loss and gain of electrons that homogeneity becomes heterogeneity, that the simple becomes the complex, that the inorganic becomes the organic. To use a theosophical terminology it is in this way that matter, the medium, or vehicle, of consciousness, becomes more transparent to that consciousness, a process that now extends from the mineral kingdom to the brain and nervous system of man.

But since we now know the mechanism by which nature effects the transmutation of metals it is by no means impossible that we should control the process, even though the precise method of doing so should still be hidden from us. And the old alchemists may have been familiar with the electron and the part that it plays in evolving nature. At least we may believe that they were not quite such visionaries as modern self-conceit would have us suppose.

Dr. F. Carrel, writing in "Science Progress," expresses a grave fear that we are inadvertently wandering from the path of a true materialism. Certain popular habits of thought are making their insidious appearance, and unless we exercise extreme care we shall find ourselves in the most heretical form of error. Thus we find that "misconception of a serious kind" is beginning to prevail among the "laity" regarding the analogies between plant and animal life, and there are actually some sturdy rogues who are saying that the principle of life is identical throughout living nature. It is to combat such unorthodoxies as this that the learned doctor girds up his loins and enters the arena.

First of all he tells us what he means by life, and after reading his definition of life we may confess our willingness to withdraw from the discussion. Life, he tells us, is that "series of circumstances" whereby organized matter is enabled to stand in a certain relationship with its environment. Now there was once a philosopher who said that if he were allowed to write the songs of a people he cared not who dictated its policies, and in the same way we may say that whoever is allowed to make his own definitions can easily prove anything that he pleases. If life is actually a "series of circumstances" than we have only to prove a radical difference in the "circumstances" to prove also a difference in the life.

This is precisely what Dr. Carrel sets to work to do. Plants, he tells us, are anchored to the soil, and animals are not. There is no life where there is no mobility. It is true that trees move in a way, that they leaf and extend

their roots, but then these are merely "facts of growth" which explains it all. Then there are differences in nutrition and reproduction. Fertilization in plants depends upon "Chance," and in animals it does not, and the seeds of plants and animals are not interchangeable. We need not follow Dr. Carrel in his enumeration of the differences between plants and animals. We are aware of them already, and we are also aware that the resemblances are still more striking. Perhaps a sufficient comment upon this nonsense is to point out that there are many plants that have a much greater mobility than an oyster, and that fertilization among fish depends quite as much upon chance as fertilization among plants. At the same time we may apologize for so impertinent an intrusion of fact into the domain of a theory. Fact and theory, as we all know, should be kept rigidly apart.

Now it may be that those who insist upon an identical life principle throughout nature are not willing to admit that the vehicles or media of the life principle are the same thing as the life principle itself. To such it will be evident enough that Dr. Carrel begs the whole question when he assumes that they are, and that henceforth his whole argument resolves itself into the indisputable proposition that things that are different—are different. Of course they are. We do not need several pages of printed matter to prove that. Dr. Carrel first assumes a glaringly false major premiss and then points proudly to his deduction in the hope that his initial falsity will be overlooked, as it probably will be by the gallery. As an exact correspondence to Dr. Carrel's syllogism we might suggest the following: Electricity is a series of circumstances incidental to coils of wire and magnets; there are no coils and magnets in the sky; therefore lightning is not electricity.

The tragedy at Chicago has produced the usual crop of wonderings as to why "God" should permit such wholesale destruction of human life. Shallow minds seem to suppose that there is some essential difference between a large destruction of life and a small one, and that we are entitled to complain when accident destroys a large number of persons, but not when it destroys only a few. And yet there is actually no difference except in dimension between the disaster at Chicago and the street misadventure that has a single fatal result. We do not reproach God for the infinitely greater toll of human life exacted by tuberculosis, nor do we complain of the fact that nature would presently have taken all these lives, and in ways infinitely more painful. We have sense enough to attribute the death from tuberculosis to a violation of the laws of the body. Why should we not attribute all premature or tragical deaths to some similar cause, and so ask ourselves what this cause is? In this instance the most obvious and immediate cause seems to be either the venality or the carelessness of officials, that is to say to defects in our social system, and surely we shall not blame God for that in these days of democratic government.

Nor does it seem impossible to suppose that the selective hand of Karma should be evident in this and all similar disasters. If Karma can group certain entities into the family, and so expose them to like conditions; if it can group certain entities into the nation, and so expose them to war and to the common national fate, why should not Karma regulate all groupings everywhere, as of course it does?